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October 29, 1947



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THE TATLER *and* BYSTANDER

LONDON
OCTOBER 29, 1947

Two Shillings
Vol. CLXXXVI. No. 2416



Pearl Freeman

HER EXCELLENCY MADAME PREBENSEN

Madame Prebensen is the charming wife of the Norwegian Ambassador in London, who succeeded M. Erik Andreas Colban in December of last year. The Prebensens have three children, two sons and a daughter. It was not Madame Prebensen's first visit to England when she came over last year, for she was over here six years ago. Before his appointment in London her husband was Secretary-General in the Ministry of Foreign Affairs in Oslo.

PORTRAITS IN PRINT



their husks as might a little savage. Yet, as you must know, this is the Sabbath. I beg of you to stop him, or, if you will not, I shall take upon myself the duty of so doing."

Gentle readers must take it from me that the foregoing is, word for word, the gusty admonition which was addressed to this writer a Sunday past when the wind was in the trees and the leaves were falling fast whilst my son and I took an after-breakfast walk in the Surrey village in which we live. One does not lightly pass such matters by, for there is all too little melody in our day-to-day language and few, all too few, genuine crackpots in the old and grand tradition.

Clearly, here stood before us, his great, domed head wropt in a mystery of hair long silvered, a Person. "John," I said, "come here, my son, and take my hand. Now bid this gentleman a civil how-d'ye-do and keep your itching feet away from the chestnuts." And to the old gentleman: "Sir, I am your humble servant. May I make so bold as to identify you?"

To this he replied: "Identify me? That you may, indeed. My name is Oliver March and I am aged eighty-two."

"Are you sure, sir?"

"Sure? Sure of my own name? None surer. There is, I can tell you, no possible mistake whatsoever. I am as well aware of my own name as doubtless you are of yours; more so, perhaps, since mine, I judge, has been with me somewhat longer."

"I trust not to exaggerate my point for the sake of mere emphasis, sir. But are you sure? Are you absolutely certain that you are not, in fact, Alexander the Corrector?"

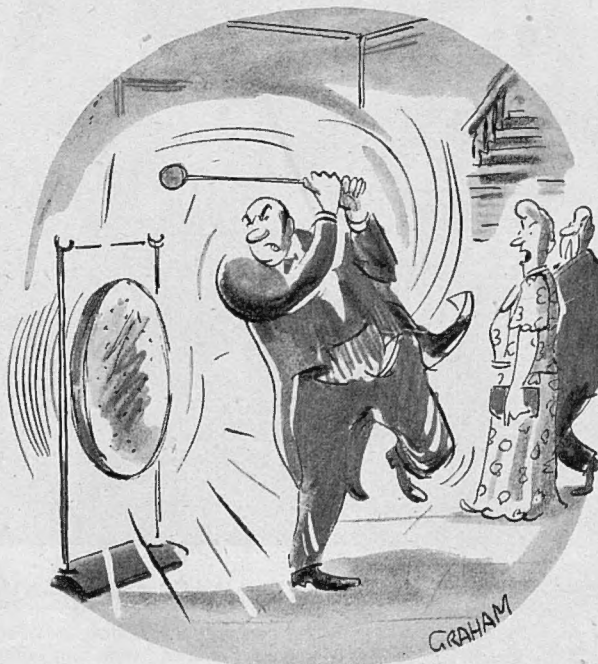
WAs it a shadow of weariness that came into his eyes? or was it wariness? Be it either (or both), he shrugged his thin shoulders in an oddly impressive manner and bade John and me sit down on the little bench beneath the chestnut tree. "You spoke," he said, "of an Alexander the Corrector. Be so good as to state what you know of this person and I, for my part, shall be content to listen. Your voice has a timbre

not unpleasant thus, if I should nod off, you understand that it will not be because of lack of interest in your story, but because I am very old and noises that fall agreeably upon my ear tend to edge me into that delightful world—which lies still far beyond you—where the present merges into the past and time is but the muted orchestra of human happiness now released from its earthly bonds."

It is proper (I said) that I should meet with you today when, as you see, the strong winds have come upon our island home from out the North and the leaves are now withered and tired, for all their brown glory. November, styled by the ancient Saxons *Wint-monat*, or the *wind-month*, was the month in which Alexander Cruden died in his lodgings in Camden Street, Islington. And sir, November is almost upon us.

The persevering and painstaking Cruden (I continued) was appointed by Sir Robert Walpole, bookseller to the Queen of George II, and the *Concordance* which has conferred celebrity upon his name was dedicated to her in 1737. He was permitted to present a copy of it in person to Caroline, who, he said, smiled upon him and said she was highly obliged to him. Alas, the expectations he formed of receiving a solid proof of the Queen's appreciation of the work were disappointed, for she died within sixteen days of his reception. Twenty-four years afterwards he revised a second edition and dedicated it to her grandson, George III. For this, and a third edition issued in 1769, his booksellers gave him £800—poor enough recompense, you may think.

BRIGGS—by Graham



"All right, Briggs, all right—here we go"

Cruden was what I might call an enthusiastic eccentric. Thrice during his lifetime he was placed in confinement by his friends. On the second of these occasions he managed to escape from a private lunatic asylum in which he was chained to his bedstead, and straightway he brought actions against the proprietor and physician. Unfortunately for his case, he stated it himself—and lost it. On his third release he brought an action against his sister, from whom he claimed some £10,000 damages for authorizing his detention.

With this suit, also, he was unsuccessful. In the course of his uneven, and at times, very unhappy life, he met with many rebuffs in the prosecution of projects upon which he restlessly embarked, as he considered, for the public good; for them all he solaced himself by printing accounts of his motives, treatment and disappointments.

One of good Cruden's eccentricities consisted in the assumption of the title *Alexander the Corrector*. In the capacity implied by this term, he stopped persons whom he met in public places on Sundays and admonished them to go home and keep the Sabbath Day holy.

He spent much of his earnings in the purchase of tracts and catechisms which he distributed right, left and centre as and when and where he could. To enlarge (as he thought) his sphere of usefulness he sighed—and tried—for recognition of his mission in high places, and to attain this end succeeded in obtaining the signatures of several persons of consequence to a testimonial of his zeal for the public good. Armed with this curious and hard-won document he urged that the King in council, or an act of legislature, should formally constitute him *Corrector of Morals*; but here, once more, failure was his portion.

CRUDEN set himself up as a bitter enemy of the raffish, wall-eyed Jack ("For Liberty") Wilkes when that witty demagogue agitated the kingdom and had the crowds running at his heels with loud huzzas! and no little adulation.

He partly expressed his intense feeling in his usual mode—by pamphlet; but more especially by effacing the offensive numeral No. 45 wherever he found it chalked up. For this purpose he carried in his pocket a large piece of sponge. He subsequently included in this obliteration all the obscene inscriptions with which idle people were permitted at that time to disgrace the blank walls in the metropolis. (This occupation, says his biographer, Blackburn, made his walks very tedious indeed.)

The desire to regenerate the national morals burned ever more fiercely. He besought a knighthood—not (he declared) for the value of the title, but from a conviction that its dignity would give his voice and wishes more weight. In pursuit of the desired distinction he seems to have given a great deal of trouble to the lords-in-waiting and secretaries of state, and

without doubt exceeded the bounds of their patience. Of one, Earl Paulet, he admits, "... being goutish in his feet he could not run away from the *Corrector* as others were apt to do." In 1754 he offered himself as a candidate to represent the city of London in Parliament, and during the contest issued the most singular addresses: "If there is just ground to think that God will be pleased to make the *Corrector* an instrument to reform the nation, and particularly to promote the Reformation, the peace and prosperity of this great city, and to bring them into a more religious temper and conduct, no good man will deny him his vote. And the *Corrector's* election is believed to be the means of paving the way to his being a Joseph and an useful and prosperous man."

Alas, poor Cruden. The bewigged and knee-breeched electors merely laughed at him, and it was thus necessary, once more, to console his disappointment with a flood of pamphlets.

IT is now proper for us to come to a matter of the heart in which Fate had reserved for Cruden the worst of all defeats. He became enamoured with a Miss Elizabeth Abney, whose father, Sir Thomas Abney, was successively sheriff, alderman, Lord Mayor of London, and one of the city's representatives in Parliament. He was a person of considerable consequence, having been one of the founders of the Bank of England and for many years one of its directors.

Miss Elizabeth became possessed, upon her father's death, of a very tidy fortune indeed. She, and it, were now the objects of bold Cruden's desires. But the lady would have none of it. For months he pestered her with calls and persecuted her with letters, memorials and remonstrances. When she left home he caused "praying-bills" to be distributed in various places of worship, requesting one and all to pray for her preservation and safe return. All this advanced him on his road not one millimetre; so he then drew up a long paper, a Declaration of War, in which he stated that he would undoubtedly encompass the lady's surrender by "... shooting off great numbers of bullets from his camp—namely by earnest prayer to Heaven day and night, that her mind might be enlightened and her heart softened."

Nothing availed. The lady shut her eyes and ears to it all. The grotesque courtship ended.

Cruden's aberrations are rendered all the more remarkable when note is taken of the immense precision and concentration of thought required for the compilation and several revisings of his *Concordance*, his verbal index of Milton's works, his *Dictionary of the Holy Scriptures*, his *Account of the History and Excellency of the Holy Scriptures* and other work. And, still more curiously, his vagaries failed to efface the esteem in which he was regarded by all who knew him, more especially his biographers, Blackburn and Chalmers, the latter of whom said of him that he was a man to whom the religious world lay under a great obligation, "... whose character, notwithstanding his mental infirmities, we cannot but venerate; whom neither infirmity nor neglect could debase; who sought consolation only where it could be found; whose sorrows served to instruct him in the distresses of others, and who employed his prosperity to relieve those who, in every sense, were ready to perish."

* * *

THE old man was fast asleep and the thin morning sun had crept gently and silently into his mane of hair. To my son, John, I said: "We shall not wake this aged character; but you are to remember, now and for always, that you have looked upon *Alexander the Corrector*. Come, boy."

Sean Fielding

Words Without Songs

VARIATIONS ON A SIMPLE THEME

I have evolved a painless way
Of writing verse combining (a)
The discipline of rhyme with (b)
The rough-hewn touch, untrammelled, free.

I take a theme—"Love-complex" say—
And sub-divide it into (a)
My passion for some woman, (b)
Her total allergy to me.

Dissect my soul till (h) or (i)
Then throb and burn and shriek and cry
Crescendo to the finish (z)
When I'm delirious—or dead.

Wild wayward words! But rhymed with (e's)
(c's), (d's) and (g's) moreover these
(a) do not cramp the style while (b)
Imparting form and symmetry.

There's no monotony, since (1)
This is another way it's done.
And (2) by using signs like β
One can diversify the meta.

It's not a thing to overdo—
It's apt to run away with (u)
But using due restraint, like me,
It ought (2) (b) O.K., (u) (c).

—Justin Richardson.



A. B. Beattie, Aberdeen

THE BLACKSMITH OF COMRIE shoes one of a pair of ponies in the Autumn sunlight, while the young girl holds their heads. Mechanization has taken overwhelming toll of the ancient crafts, but this is—and is likely to remain—an operation in which nothing can replace the hand and skill of the artificer



SHOW GUIDE

Straight Plays

ALDWYCH—Peace In Our Time. Noel Coward's imaginative study of what life in Great Britain would have been like after a successful German invasion.

APOLLO—Trespass. Emlyn Williams's dramatic excursion into the supernatural with the author in the principal role, and Mary Hinton.

DUCHESS—The Linden Tree. The story of a family of today finely told by J. B. Priestley. Brilliantly acted by Dame Sybil Thorndike and Sir Lewis Casson.

FORTUNE—Fly Away Peter. J. H. Roberts, mild and mellow, in an amiable suburban comedy.

GARRICK—Born Yesterday. Hartley Power and Yolande Donlan in Laurence Olivier's production of this fast-moving American comedy.

HAYMARKET—Present Laughter. Revival of Noe. Coward's sparkling piece with Hugh Sinclair and Joyce Carey in her original part.

LYRIC—Edward, My Son. Tragi-comedy. Period 1919-47. By Noel Langley and Robert Morley.

MERCURY, Happy As Larry. By Donagh MacDonagh. An original Irish comedy in verse, brilliantly written and acted.

NEW—Ever Since Paradise. J. B. Priestley's discussion on marriage, light in touch but full of understanding. With Roger Livesey and Ursula Jeans.

PHOENIX—Dr. Angelus. By James Bridie. Alastair Sim as a medical murderer whose evil deeds are covered by macabre hypocrisy.

PICCADILLY—Off the Record. This naval comedy of errors is grand entertainment. Special praise for Jack Allen, Hugh Wakefield and Tom Gill for being side-splittingly funny.

SAVILLE—Noose. Reginald Tate, black in heart and market, provides a thrilling evening of full-speed melodrama.

SAVOY—Life With Father. The successful American comedy of family life with Leslie Banks and Sophie Stewart as father and mother.

STRAND—Separate Rooms. Frances Day in a bright American farce with Hal Thompson.

VAUDEVILLE—The Chiltern Hundreds. A. E. Matthews, Marjorie Fielding and Michael Shepley brilliantly burlesque the political scene and the art of noblesse oblige.

WYNDHAM'S. You Never Can Tell. Spirited revival of G. B. Shaw's comedy with Rosamund John and James Donald.

With Music

ADELPHI—Bless the Bride. C. B. Cochran's light operetta by Sir A. P. Herbert and Vivian Ellis, with Georges Guétary, Lizbeth Webb and Mr. Cochran's Young Ladies.

AMBASSADORS—Sweetest and Lowest. Hermione Gingold, Henry Kendall, deliciously malicious as ever.

COLISEUM—Annie, Get Your Gun. Dolores Gray and Bill Johnson in another tough and melodious backwoods comedy from America.

DRURY LANE—Oklahoma! Outstanding U.S. success. It is tuneful, decorative, and moves with typical transatlantic speed and smoothness.

DUKE OF YORK'S—One, Two, Three. Binnie and Sonnie Hale and Charles Heslop play a dozen or so parts perfectly in this new revue.

GLOBE—Tuppence Coloured. Wit, sparkle and song supplied most adroitly by Joyce Grenfell, Elisabeth Welch and Max Adrian.

PRINCE OF WALES—Piccadilly Hayride. In which Sid Field with a decorative and able cast delights the eye and ear.

PRINCES—The Dubarry. Irene Manning in a luxurious revival of this favourite prewar musical.



The Intruder (Annabel Maule), Stephen's fiancée, who is hotly resented by his adoring womenfolk



The Maternal Tigress (Jean Cadell) who almost suffocates her son by mother love, and leaves him no mind of his own

Sketches by
Tom Titt



The Beggar and the Blind Man. Gisela (Joan Miller) tells Stephen (Dan Cunningham) of her love for him, and in his blindness he cannot see her ugliness

At the

"Dark Summer"

A NEW play by a dramatist with a sense of the stage, and as welcome just now as a Michaelmas daisy in a burnt-up autumn garden. Unfortunately Mr. Wynyard Browne has got hold of a curiously intractable story, the story of a blinded sailor who is reduced to neuroticism and self-pity by an unimaginatively devoted mother and cannot make up his mind between the girl he has seen and promised to marry and the ministering angel (a Viennese Jewess) whom he has never seen. The author maintains the hero in a heroic light, but the course of events reduces the poor fellow's status to that of a ping-pong ball being blown hither and thither about the table by three determined women.

Mr. Browne cannot handle this difficult story without turning it into a piece of machine-made drama in which passion, instead of propelling the plot, is propelled by the plot, but many of the scenes have all the same a theatrical vitality which suggests that he will one day make something good out of a kinder subject.

His present attempt at a good topical play seems to me to go fatally wrong when the girl who has come from Cairo to marry the blind man allows herself to be chivvied out of the house by a piece of maternal logic-chopping so disingenuous that it does not deceive the audience and should not deceive her.

SHE is a girl with a mind of her own and her heart is in the right place, in spite of the unconventional globe-trotting upbringing which offends the mother's fiery religious scruples; she loves the sailor and is willing to settle down with him in a great red provincial house. She is quick to see that she must over-ride his natural reluctance to bind a woman to the side of a permanent invalid, no less quick to know that the blinded man must be removed from the women who are destroying his independence by too much loving kindness. Such a girl would not, we feel, bring the matter to a sudden artificial crisis and at once accept defeat.

However, that is what happens, and the rest of the piece inevitably falls into a familiar pattern and collects falsities. There is one last chance that the sailor's sight

BACKSTAGE



WHEN *Rigoletto* opens the new season at Covent Garden on Friday the name part will be played by Paolo Silveri, the tenor who aroused such interest when he sang with Gigli and the San Carlo company last year. Elda Ribetti, the Italian soprano, is coming here to sing the part of Gilda as guest artist. It will be her first operatic appearance in this country, and both she and Silveri have learnt the roles in English specially for this occasion.

James Bailey who has done the *decor* is still in his early twenties, and is the only young designer to have three full-scale productions to his credit since the reopening of the opera house in February, 1946.

Benjamin Britten's *Peter Grimes* comes to Covent Garden next week, and it will be interesting to compare Tyrone Guthrie's new production with the original seen at Sadler's Wells. In the new sets designed by Tanya Moiseiwitsch Guthrie tells me that he has abandoned any attempt at realism, "with the idea of letting nothing stand between the inherent drama of the work and the audience." Peter Pears, Joan Cross and Edith Coats will be heard in their original roles.

THE Old Vic company opens its fourth London season at the New on Tuesday with *The Taming of the Shrew*, and *Richard II* is to follow on November 17. There is some interesting casting for Shaw's *St. Joan*, which will be added to the repertory on December 3. It includes Celia Johnson as Joan, Alec Guinness as the Dauphin, Trevor Howard as Dunois, Bernard Miles as de Baudricourt and the Inquisitor, Mark Dignam as Cauchon and Harry Andrews as Warwick.

J. B. PRIESTLEY'S *Ever Since Paradise* which, although playing to good business had to close at the New to make way for the Old Vic season, is booked for America with Roger Livesey and Ursula Jeans in their original parts.

WHEN in 1944 New York acclaimed the Negro play *Anna Lucasta* which Jack Hylton has brought to His Majesty's, a struggling organization, the American Negro Theatre, found its feet. It was the fulfilment of the dream of Frederick O'Neal, a young man who in 1927 was just embarking reluctantly on a business career in St. Louis. Theatre-loving O'Neal, who plays the male lead in *Anna Lucasta*, was convinced that there was a definite place in America for a Negro theatre with its headquarters in Harlem. But the dream took time to materialize.

In 1937 he arrived in New York without a job, and it was in Harlem one evening that he met Abram Hill who ran a semi-professional group of Negro players. They were lent a stage in the Harlem public library, and rehearsals took place in the evening because all the actors had to work elsewhere during the day.

Impressed after reading *Anna Lucasta*, which had been hawked unsuccessfully round Broadway managers' offices, Hill persuaded the author, Philip Yordan, to let him produce it as a Negro play. It was presented on a hot night in June. Impresario John Wildberg was in the audience and he transferred the play to Broadway with the same cast, where it became an unprecedented success. As a result the Rockefeller Institute provided sufficient financial aid to put the American Negro Theatre on its feet.

TO become leading lady during her first theatrical engagement in England has been the good fortune of twenty-three years old Mary Laura Wood. Canadian born, she came here last December, and understudied Betsy Drake in *Deep Are The Roots*, which is nearing the end of its run at the Criterion.

When ill-health compelled Miss Drake to return to America, Miss Wood went on for her at a few hours' notice, expecting to play the role only until another principal was engaged, but Hugh Beaumont, Tennent's managing director, was so impressed by her performance that he decided to let her keep the part. Her only practical stage experience before she came to England was in summer stock at Pittsburg.

Miss Wood's home is in Nova Scotia, an eighteenth-century house standing in 2,500 acres of ground, called Mount Uniac, and endowed with a family ghost. Her grandfather, Josiah Wood, was at one time Governor of New Brunswick.

Beaumont Kent.



The Lovers: Gisela embraces Stephen on his return from hospital with restored sight. However, she soon realizes that her physical deformities repel him



The Paying Guest (Nora Nicholson) cannot resist putting a meddling finger in every pie



The Refugee (Joan Miller) whose love for the young man sets her on a course of supreme unselfishness

Theatre

(Lyric, Hammersmith)

will be restored to him, and on the eve of the critical operation in which he has no belief, his resolve to take his life is divined by the Viennese Jewess. She has known the horrors of a concentration camp, and ordeals which have left their marks on her face and figure have quickened her imaginative sympathy with suffering. She is able to turn him from his purpose, and in the succeeding emotional revulsion he does what many invalids have done—proposes marriage to his nurse, though she is a woman he has never seen and is, according to all the accounts he has heard from a remarkably tactless household, ugly.

WHAT is there for the final act? Of course, the sailor regains his sight; he sees the ministering angel and in his sight behold she is ugly. Will he hold that beauty is but skin deep and that love is an affair of the spirit? Will the sensitive Jewess perceive that, much as she loves him, he is only the average sensual man and scarcely less embarrassed than Ko-Ko at having "to take under his wing a most unattractive old thing?"

Will she make things easy or hard for him? Will she take her own life or send for the girl who pleased the gay young naval officer on Cairo leave and may please him again now that he is no longer a self-pitying neurotic? The answers are the easy ones, and they are not quite good enough for a last act.

The piece is very nicely played. Miss Joan Miller presents the Jewess with strength and delicacy, and without shirking the make-up which the part requires. Miss Jean Cadell is exquisitely irritating as a good woman with hopelessly wrong-headed ideas. The gallant little girl from Cairo is given her emotional dues by Miss Annabel Maule, an obviously good actress who is still in process of acquiring her technique, and the twittering venom and ludicrous snobbery of the paying guest are deliciously reproduced by Miss Nora Nicholson. Mr. Dan Cunningham is the hero—and what else could he do but what he does, make us pity a brave sailor pitched among such women, three of whom certainly reach a high-water mark in tactlessness. And on their tactlessness the plot depends.

ANTHONY COOKMAN

Freda Bruce Lockhart



At The Pictures

Forgotten Laughter

THE post-war generation of filmgoers has been brought up on melancholy fare. We may refrain from commiserating with them, in wisecrack futility, over the general decline in film standards. But it is impossible to withhold pity

for the mournful memories they must be garnering: memories of blood and thunder and tears, of sadism and syrup, of propaganda and paranoia, only relieved by occasional escapes into some more decorous, or at least more decorative period.

They cannot remember Claudette Colbert in *It Happened One Night* and *Three-Cornered Moon* (which might claim to have been the first crazy comedy); or the late Carole Lombard in *My Man Godfrey* and *Nothing Sacred*; they probably can't even remember Ginger Rogers and David Niven in *Bachelor Father*. Neither, of course, can they remember that this crazy comedy series ended in such mass production that mechanized lunacy became a menace in its own right. They must surely, this new generation of filmgoers, be in danger of forgetting how to laugh even at films (if they ever learned), so long has it been since we had a truly funny, truly gay and witty screen comedy—until *Bachelor Knight* arrived at the Odeon, Leicester Square.

Bachelor Knight is not startlingly original—except in being (according to my taste, I should emphasize, since tastes differ nowhere so sharply as on questions of humour) consistently funny from beginning to end. The story is of the slightest. An artist-about-town (Mr. Cary Grant) appears in court for rowdiness before Judge Margaret Turner (Miss Myrna Loy) and, on the same day, on the lecture platform before her school-girl sister Susan (Miss Shirley Temple) who sees him as a knight in shining armour and proceeds to pursue him with the ruthlessness we have learned to expect of those terrible transatlantic infants called bobby-soxers. In due course, the judge finds her own eyes similarly afflicted.

Out of this familiar formula flowers a farce whose freshness and invention never flag, whose bloom it would be unseemly to subject to too minute critical dissection. There is a joyous slapstick sequence where Cary Grant and Rudy Vallee compete at High School sports. A dinner which starts as a romantic *tête-à-tête* between Mr. Grant and Miss Loy ends in an accumulation which reminded me of the Marx Brothers' famous crowded cabin. But these are only high-lights in that rarity, a comedy conceived in terms of the cinema.

Story and screenplay are by Sidney Sheldon, without apparently a word of additional dialogue from anybody else. Mr. Sheldon's own unaided

dialogue is rich, not in quotable *bons mots*, but in unforced felicities springing from the situation. He has turned out a beautiful, smooth script whose principal virtue perhaps is the perfection of its timing. Not a sequence, not a situation goes on too long but at the precisely right moment, before exhaustion is in sight, it swings away with easy assurance, and without loss of the spanking pace at which the whole film bowls along, as neatly and smartly as a champion trotter.

Playing and direction (by Irving Reis) are as expert as the writing. No actress in Hollywood has as light a touch for comedy as Miss Loy, and Mr. Grant has never before been as flexible or as funny. As for Miss Temple, grown up into a sophisticated actress, she gives the bobby-soxer the benefit of insight acquired through long experience as an infant prodigy, and the keen edge of her mature professional skill.

A TOUCH of the same assurance, in the direction though not in the writing, distinguishes *Pursued*, the Western at the Warner Theatre. Raoul Walsh, as a veteran director of Westerns, knows all about building up a menace by the use of varying tempo, silence and space. He contrives some memorable moments: the long-shot of pursuer and unsuspecting pursued on parallel sandy ridges; or the chill shock of discerning at the bottom corner of the screen, the villain's shoulder, jowl and familiar black hat.

But Mr. Walsh is hampered by an over-complex story told in flashback. It is all very well to have Jeb, the orphan hero (Robert Mitchum), haunted by an unidentifiable sense of being pursued; and to give him two enemies, his adopted brother Adam as well as the sinister stranger, sworn to a vendetta. But Jeb's adopted sister (Miss Teresa Wright) turns against him, too, and marries him with murder in her heart and a gun in the bridal chamber. Even after this superfluous tangle, Mr. Walsh achieves one fine moment: the enemy clan has surrounded Jeb's house and, in one of those slow, silent stalking-matches, he has crawled clear, within reach of his horse; in a single arched movement, as it seems, the white horse leaps the fence, there is a *crescendo agitato* in the orchestra and the whole screen springs into life.

That is the film's last gasp. Mr. Walsh cannot cope with the loose ends at the unravelling (no director could) and simply lets the superfluous characters melt away. Even the censor must have been either very confused or exceptionally clear-headed to conclude that he was not leaving half-brother married to half-sister.

Neither assurance (unless that of Mrs. Malaprop) nor humour relieves the one home-made picture of the week, *The White Unicorn*, at the Tivoli and New Gallery. A film is classified as a "woman's picture" when any man (and many women) would

be ashamed to enjoy it. *The White Unicorn* is doubly a woman's picture, in which Lucy (Miss Margaret Lockwood) and Lottie (Miss Joan Greenwood) wallow in self-pity as they tell each other their sad stories in flashback.

FLASHBACK for once is legitimate: Lucy is the warden of a home for delinquent girls, and telling her own story is part of her technique for drawing out the case-history of Lottie who is brought in after trying to gas her illegitimate baby. Both their stories, too, have elements of sense buried deep in bathos: the rich woman bored by her husband's treatment of her as exhibit number one among his possessions; the poor girl's bitterness and panic at being landed with a baby she can't keep; these are common enough real tragedies. Why then is the resulting picture so incomparably embarrassing?

The treatment is frivolously inept to the seriousness of the subjects and the novel *The Milk-White Unicorn* by Flora Sandstrom, has been adapted on the pantechicon principle of cramming in every possible diversion. It is quite a welcome change to see Miss Lockwood in a straight modern part—but she has to fall coyly in love with a ghost, which provides a pretext for a fancy dress party (presumably to please the Lockwood legions

who know her best in fancy dress). Then, I should have thought, there were enough ways of getting killed in England for Lucy to lose her second husband without going so far out of the way as Finland. But there we have some more fancy dress, with the peasants doing folk-dances in the cosy log cabin and Lucy joining in a Finnish sixteen-some before she is left sorrowing and most unwisely beating her fists on the snow which has just given way under her husband.

Lottie's seduction introduces a little real emotion, but it seems optimistic to suggest that a slum child could learn to speak like Miss Greenwood (whom I still think the most promising feminine star material in British studios) during a brief apprenticeship in a hatshop. Nobody need be surprised when the judge at Lottie's trial for attempted infanticide proves to be Lucy's first husband, whose hard heart is melted at last so that he returns both Lucy and Lottie to their respective babies. All this told in dialogue of a banality which makes the average "woman's picture" devised in Hollywood for such stars as Joan Crawford seem subtle.

A REVIVAL of *Gone With the Wind*, at the Empire, gives our post-war filmgoers a chance to see this admirably competent and assured, if not inspired, adaptation of Margaret Mitchell's outside novel—that is if, in present conditions, any of them has three and half hours to spare on a single film.

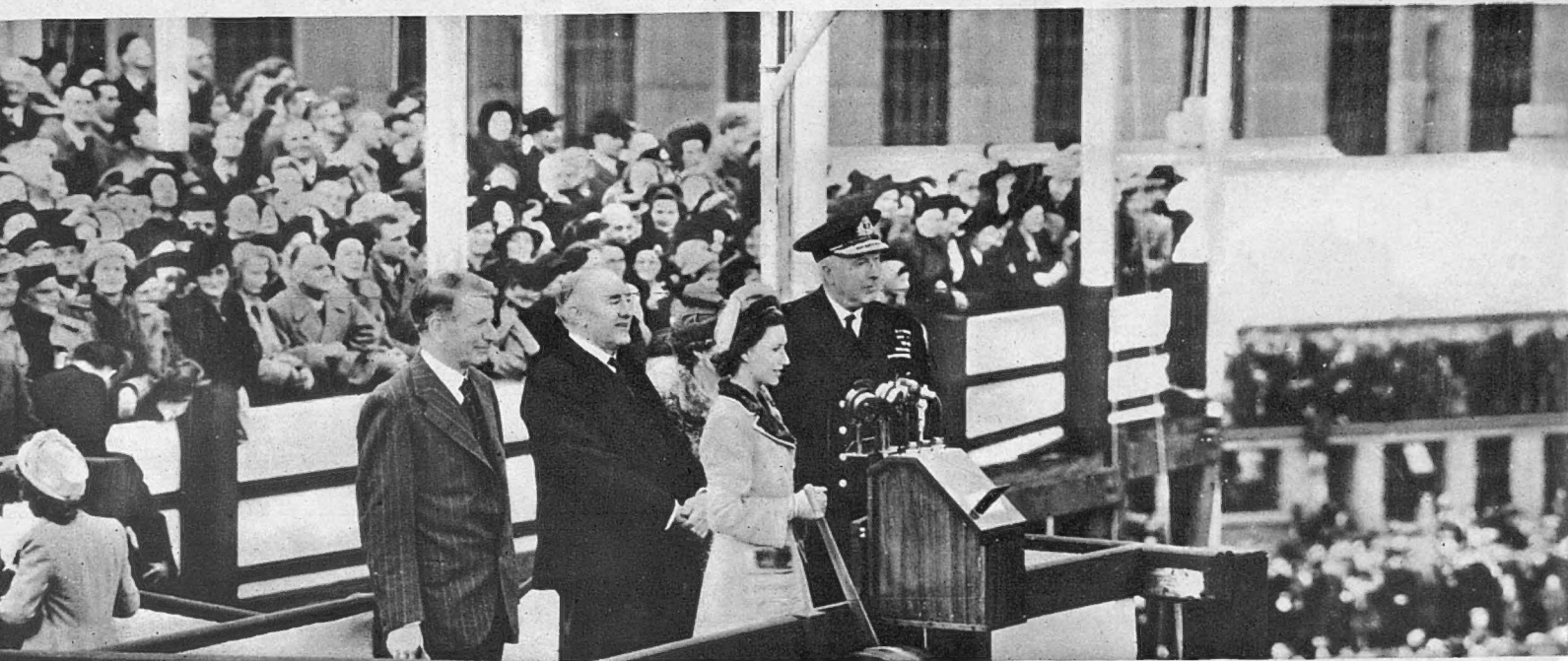


THE CELTIC BALLET

Margaret Morris, the famous dancer, has with her husband the Scottish painter John D. Fergusson devised a type of dance—the "Celtic Ballet"—which embodies a new technique. It is based on the free, and natural rhythms of the old Greek dancing, brought into line with the dynamic of the present age. A movement from it is illustrated here, and it is being toured in France before opening in London. The Celtic Ballet is part of a new movement which has been initiated by Margaret Morris and her husband in Glasgow, whereby artists in all mediums, from painting to the dance, can work together creatively



PRINCESS MARGARET GOES TO



As the "Edinburgh Castle" Slid
Down the Ways

Princess Margaret immediately after she had pulled the lever to launch the Edinburgh Castle in Harland and Wolff's shipyard, Queen's Island, on the third day of her visit. It was the first time the new-type launching apparatus had been used by a member of the Royal Family



She Saw the Ulster
Cambridgeshire Run

Lord Glentoran, one of the Stewards, accompanying the Princess on her visit to the Maze Racecourse on the second day



Lady Margaret Egerton, lady-in-waiting, also went to the racecourse



Mrs. V. Henderson, daughter of Sir Crawford McCullagh, and Miss Beatrice Henderson



The Earl of Granville, Governor of Northern Ireland, who was the Princess's host



Lt.-Col. Hezlet, Mrs. Ogilvie Graham and Major Burges were among the large assembly of racegoers

BELFAST

During her five-day visit to Northern Ireland, where she met with a warm welcome on every side, the Princess fulfilled her first individual public engagement, the launching of a new liner for the Britain—South Africa service



Acknowledging the cheers of the crowd from the launching platform. The *Edinburgh Castle*, which is the third ship of her name, was built to replace a liner lost in the war. At 28,500 tons she will be one of the two largest ships on the regular South African run



Seventeen-year-old Thomas Smyth, the youngest shipyard apprentice, presents a bouquet of roses to the Princess



Miss M. Annesley and Miss Patricia Magill chatting in the Members' enclosure



Viscountess Bury, daughter of the Marquess of Londonderry, and Miss Diana Kirkpatrick



Viscountess Jocelyn was present with her mother, Mrs. Edward Kennedy



Hyphenate, the winner, owned by Major G. B. MacKean, being led in



The End of a Happy and Eventful Visit

She was met on her return to London Airport by Princess Elizabeth and Air Vice-Marshal Sir John d'Albiac, the airport commander



Photographs by Baron

The Earl and Countess of Ronaldshay with their children in the grounds of their country home, the Manor House, Little Marlow, Bucks. The Earl, who is the son and heir of the second Marquess of Zetland, served in the Middle East during the war. He married Miss Penelope Pike, of Petersfield, Hants, in 1936 and their children are Lord Dundas, the Hon. David Dundas and Lady Serena Dundas

Jennifer writes

HER SOCIAL JOURNAL

H.R.H. PRINCE BERNHARD OF THE NETHERLANDS arrived in his lovely black roadster for the opening of the "Netherlands Fortnight" by H.E. the Netherlands Ambassador, at the Allied Circle in Green Street. After the Earl of Albemarle, president of the Anglo-Netherlands Society, and Lord Dudley Gordon, president of the Allied Circle, had made speeches, followed by H.E. Jonkheer van Verduynen, who made a charming short speech before he declared the Fortnight open, Prince Bernhard made a tour of the rooms to see the lovely Dutch paintings being exhibited there (and open to the public) until November 14th. These are a collection of Dutch Conversation Pieces of the

eighteenth and nineteenth centuries; many of them have never been exhibited before and have been generously lent by their owners for this exhibition to better understanding between the peoples of our two countries, who have so often the same aims and tastes.

Many well-known Dutch personalities I saw at the opening included Rear-Admiral and Mrs. Conrad Bromver, Monsieur Hylke Halbertsma, chairman of the Allied Circle in Amsterdam, and his wife, Dr. Kool, the former Dutch tennis champion, now treasurer of the Amsterdam Conservatoire, Dr. Roos and Dr. Schokking, both Aldermen of the City of Amsterdam, and Mme. Schokking, and Baron and Baroness Vos van

Steenwijk. Among the British members of the Allied Circle at the opening were Sir Jocelyn Lucas, Lord Courtauld Thomson, Mr. and Mrs. Sacheverell Sitwell, Lady Forbes, Pamela Lady Glenconner, Lady Heathcoat-Amory, very chic in black, and Mrs. McNeil Robertson, who had worked so hard to organise the exhibition. The Belgian Ambassador, with Vicomtesse de Thieusies, was chatting to Mme. Verduynen just before the opening.

Another exhibition of pictures being shown, this time in aid of that wonderful organisation St. Dunstan's, for the war-blinded, opened on Monday at Ellis and Smith's Galleries in Grafton Street until November 28th. Here you

can see a really fine collection of sporting prints, from original paintings by such famous painters as George Stubbs, Henry Alken, James Pollard and John Sartorius.

LADY GEORGE CHOLMONDELEY, chairman of the Première Committee, and Sir Bernard Bourdillon, president of the British Empire Leprosy Relief Association, received Their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester when they attended the première of *Uncle Silas* at the Gaumont, Haymarket, given in aid of the B.E.L.R.A. Jean Simmons, the lovely and very unspoilt little British girl who is the star in this very dramatic film, presented the Duchess with a bouquet when she arrived in the foyer. Later, Lady George Cholmondeley was able to announce from the stage that as the result of the première over £2000 was being given to B.E.L.R.A. to help cure leprosy all over the Empire. It has been discovered that with the help of modern medical aid leprosy can be completely cured, especially in young children, if treated soon enough, and Lady George appealed to members of the audience to fill in a form saying they would give a sum to help cure a child, thus "adopting" one of these poor little sufferers. She went on to say that Their Majesties the King and Queen had already "adopted" two children, and so had the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester, and she hoped their splendid lead would be followed by many others.

In the audience I saw the Belgian Ambassador and his wife, who, like myself, had come on from the opening of the "Netherlands Fortnight." Marie Marchioness of Willingdon, Mr. Arthur and the Hon. Mrs. Rank, Doreen Lady Brabourne, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Chalker, of the American Embassy, the Marquess and Marchioness of Willingdon, who had Mr. and Mrs. Britten Jones with them, Dame Irene Vanbrugh, Mr. and Mrs. Eveleigh Nash, who brought the Guatemalan Minister and his charming wife, and Celia Johnson, one of the best of our stage and film actresses, with her good-looking explorer and author husband, Mr. Peter Fleming. She is to play St. Joan in the Old Vic's third production of their forthcoming season. Her first night will be December 3rd at the New Theatre. I was interested to see how they went out together into the street after the show quietly and unobtrusively, quite unnoticed by the huge crowd pushing forward for autographs. Little Jean Simmons, looking enchanting in a pink period gown, was not so lucky when she went to a waiting car, accompanied by her charming and very good-looking mother.

H.E. THE CHINESE AMBASSADOR and Mme. Cheng Tien-Hsi were "At Home" in the fine Chinese Embassy in Portland Place for a reception to celebrate the thirty-sixth anniversary of the Republic of China. Over 2000 guests, including many Cabinet Ministers, members of the Corps Diplomatique, and both Houses of Parliament were received by the Ambassador in one of the large ground-floor reception rooms, and there were several buffets with delicious food. Many guests proceeded up the stairs, where an immense green Chinese Buddha sits imposingly, to the fine drawing-rooms. Here I was enthralled by the exquisite Chinese pictures hanging on the walls, some of them beautifully painted on finest Chinese silk. The Prime Minister and Mrs. Attlee, the latter looking charming in black, arrived with their daughter Felicity, and were quickly the centre of a group of friends, including Lord MacGowan.

Monsieur Zaroubin, the Soviet Ambassador, who has just returned from a visit to Moscow, was chatting to Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Bevin and the Chinese Ambassador. A little farther on the Nepalese Minister and his lovely wife in national costume were chatting to Miss Cheng, the Chinese Ambassador's daughter. I met Monsieur Leontic, the Yugoslav Ambassador, with his charming wife, who has learnt to speak English so well; he had just returned from a visit to America.

MRS. MILLER, who last year flew with Lady Cripps to China at the invitation of Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek to visit hospitals and clinics where the money raised by the British Aid to China Fund was being spent, was with her husband. The Chilean Ambassador came in later with his lovely wife, who was wearing an entrancing red hat with her black ensemble, and his son, Monsieur Manuel Bianchi, Jnr. Monsieur Bianchi told me they had been to Italy during the summer vacation. Air Vice-Marshal Sir Paul and Lady Maltby, both looking fit and tanned after their holiday in Scotland, were chatting to Admiral Lord Fraser. Another member of the Senior Service I saw at the party was Admiral of the Fleet Lord Cunningham, who had to leave early to go on to a dinner. Monsieur and Mme. Cheng Tien-Hsi were assisted in entertaining their guests by their son, Mr. Bing Cheng, who is studying International Law in London.

Others at the reception included Lord and Lady Ebbisham, the new High Commissioner in this country for Pakistan Mr. Habib-Ibrahim Rahimtoola, Mr. Charles Murphy, Sir Weldon Dalrymple-Champneys, Lady Suenson Taylor, just back from Italy, where she has been visiting her daughter; the Dowager Lady Swaythling, the Norwegian Ambassador, his daughter Mlle. Prebensen, and Mr. and Mrs. Charles Salisbury. Mr. Salisbury is a leading figure in the British Council.

IN gloriously mild autumn weather many people went to Ascot to watch the valuable race for the King George VI. Stakes, which was won for the second time by France, this year by Monsieur Boussac with that grand horse Arbar, who was second in the St. Leger. Arbar, incidentally, is one of the best-looking horses in training, with a lovely little thoroughbred head, and reminds one of horses portrayed in old racing prints. This popular French owner also owned the third, Cadir, and thus won over £8000 in stakes.

One of the first people to congratulate Monsieur Boussac after the race was Lord Willoughby de Broke, who has always been a leading spirit in Anglo-French racing circles, and then Monsieur Massigli, the French Ambassador, who had been watching the racing from the Royal box with H.E. the Netherlands Ambassador and Col. Henry and Lady May Abel Smith. For the ordinary meetings at Ascot, other than the Royal meeting (when they occupy their own special stand), H.M. the King has graciously given one portion of the Royal box for the use of members of the Jockey Club, and here I noticed Maud Countess Fitzwilliam, Gen. and Mrs. Lambton, Mrs. Washington Singer, wearing a lovely shade of purple, Lady Stanley and her brother-in-law and sister, Sir Humphrey and Lady de Trafford, Lord Portal, Mrs. Featherstonehaugh, and Mrs. Sofer Whitburn, in a hat trimmed with royal blue.

Among others racing were Lady Watson, looking charming in navy blue; she had motored up from Warwickshire; also very chic

in navy blue was Mrs. Robin McAlpine talking to Mrs. Harry Misa; she had been to the local hunter trials in Hampshire, she told me, before she came racing, and Lord George Scott was escorting his very pretty wife. Mr. and Mrs. John Thomson, who had been out cubbing near their home in Oxfordshire earlier in the day, were with her brother-in-law and sister, Rear-Admiral and Mrs. Cyril Douglas-Pennant, who told me how much they had enjoyed their holiday in Sutherlandshire at Mr. Clare and Lady Doris Vyner's lovely Scottish home.

THE "Abolition of the Basic" has meant no petrol for cars to get to dances or any other forms of relaxation. In consequence, many Masters of Foxhounds and Hunt secretaries have decided to hold their Hunt Balls in November instead of the more usual January. These balls are a necessity to many Hunts, as they provide a great part of their annual revenue.

The Vine started the list with their ball at the Aldermaston Aerodrome on October 18th. Next Friday night, October 31st, the Suffolk Hunt Ball is being held in the Athenæum, at Bury St. Edmunds. Lady Coventry, who is joint M.F.H. of the Croome Hounds, has lent her home, Croome Court, for their Hunt Ball on the 31st, and I hear from Sir Peter Farquhar that the Portman Hunt are holding theirs on the same night. The next date I have heard of is November 7th, when the Bicester Hunt Ball will be held at the Bicester Aerodrome and the Ashford Valley Hunt Ball at Calehill Park, Little Chart, which has kindly been lent for the occasion by Mr. A. Chester Beatty, Jnr. The Old Berkeley (East) Hunt Ball takes place on November 12th in the Town Hall, Watford, and two nights later, November 14th, has been chosen by the V.W.H. (Cirencester) for their Hunt Ball at the South Cerney Aerodrome, the Bramham Moor Hunt for their dance to be held in the Royal Hall, Harrogate, and the South Oxfordshire Hunt for their dance at Brompton Grange Hotel.

Mrs. Victor Cartright has kindly lent Barford Hill, near Warwick, for the Warwickshire Hunt Ball on November 21st. The same night the Rufford Hunt are having their dance at Welbeck Abbey, and Lord Cowdray has lent his lovely home, Cowdray House, for the Cowdray Hunt Ball that night. The Hertfordshire Hunt have chosen November 25th for their dance at the Barn, St. Albans, while the Cotswold Hunt Ball at the Plough Hotel, Cheltenham, the Atherstone (North) Hunt Ball at St. George's Hall, Hinckley, and the East Kent Hunt Ball at the Metropole Hotel, Folkestone, all take place on November 28th.

BEATRICE LILLIE, the star of "intimate" revues in the 'twenties, sat in a box wrapped in a lovely white ermine coat, watching the first night of *Tuppence Coloured*, the gay and witty intimate revue which is now running at the Globe. Joyce Grenfell is superb from her portrayal of the Countess of Coteley, complete in dress and jewels as worn in 1910, to her "song-and-dance," a piece of brilliant ridicule in the second act, and, lastly, her impersonations in an artist's room after a concert. Other stars of the stage I saw in the audience that night were Dame Lilian Braithwaite and Dame Edith Evans, the latter wearing a crystal-studded fascinator with her evening ensemble; Dorothy Hyson, accompanied by her husband, Anthony Quayle, and the Countess of Inchcape, looking very pretty and wearing a fur coat over her evening dress, who was with some friends.



Lord Dundas with his sister,
Lady Serena Dundas



The Hon. David
Dundas energetically
pursues a late butterfly

George Bilainkin.

AT THE COURT OF ST. JAMES'S

DIGNIFIED, deep crimson curtains emphasise the enormous windows in the study of Count Eduard Reventlow, Ambassador Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary of the Kingdom of Denmark at the Court of St. James's, descendant of the adventurous Northerners who, over 1000 years ago, first wintered on these shores, at Sheppey.

The white-haired, steady-eyed diplomatist looks out on one of London's quieter roads,

and from his laden desk sees a modest door that leads into the next house, the Ambassador's private residence in Cadogan Square. He first knew the study in 1913, as First Secretary of the (then) Legation. He left after spending a dramatic six years of war and "peace" on these shores. In January 1938 he returned to London as head of mission, happy at the promotion, for it meant service with the people he loves.

THERE is sadness in the Envoy's grey eyes, above an impassive, spare, poker face lit up by a rare smile. The words are unhurried, deliberate, un-theatrical, effective. Reventlow glances at the heap of books, neatly in place, on tables within reach, and then at the oil portraits of his parents, farmers in Jutland; his grandfather, great-grandfather, and the decisive great-great-grandfather, a well-known agricultural and forestry reformer in the early part of the nineteenth century. There is a calm, infectious dignity about his forebears' faces.

The agriculturists of Denmark are distressed over the recent breakdown of negotiations for the exchange of Danish butter, bacon, eggs, for British iron, steel, yarns, oils, tyres. A poor harvest followed a bad winter and the severe drought. Fifty thousand Danes, from a population of 4,000,000, cut peat for fuel. There is a grave shortage of coal, 80 per cent. of which Denmark was obliged before the war to buy from Britain. Then a ton of coal cost Denmark 22 lbs. of butter. Now in the United States of America, principal market, the Danes pay 45 lbs. In 1938 they secured a ton for 25 lbs. of bacon; now the rate is 65 lbs.

Shrunken Denmark, once a great Power, occupies but 17,000 square miles (twice the area of Wales), and possesses the world's largest island, Greenland, with 17,000 inhabitants. Of Greenland's 838,000 square miles, about 34,000 are ice-free. These figures do not include the American soldiers who are still there.

GRADUATE of law at Copenhagen, Reventlow went at once into diplomacy and in 1932 became Denmark's Vansittart, Permanent Under-Secretary. Differences with Norway were happily settled, and the resources of the State were so directed that a record in the exchange of goods with other nations resulted. As Minister in Stockholm, Reventlow was at the wedding of the present Danish Queen, then Princess Ingrid, daughter of the Crown Prince of Sweden and of the late Princess Margaret Victoria of England.

Separated during the Hitler war from his children, who were trapped in their mother country, Reventlow worked triumphantly as honorary president of the Danish Council, on which Mr. Christmas Moeller and Sir Michael Kroyer-Kielberg helped to direct the wide services of our friends and allies. Assistance of a notable kind came through Washington and Sweden. And now that peace has come, the Ambassador reads much, works late, and says, "We must trade together..."



H.E. Count Eduard Reventlow, the Danish Ambassador



Habib Ibrahim Rahimtoola, Pakistan High Commissioner, talking to Sir Harry Brittain, head of the Pilgrims' Club



Mrs. Rahimtoola and Col. Arnulf, the Norwegian Military Attaché, were also among the 1500 guests



Mr. Ernest Bevin, the Foreign Secretary, with Mr. William Gallacher, the only Communist Member of Parliament

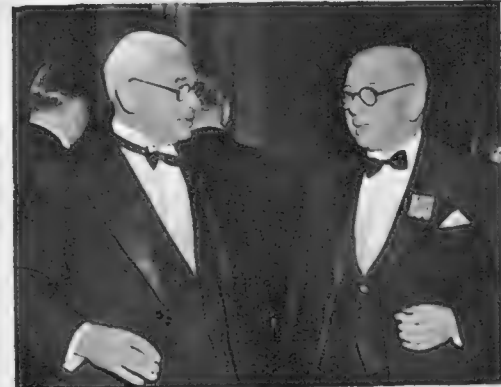


Dr. Cheng, the Chinese Ambassador, welcoming guests at the Chinese Embassy reception to celebrate the founding of the Republic by Sun Yat-Sen in 1911

O. E. Salomon

Dr. Cheng's Reception

The R.N.V.R. Club Annual Reunion Dinner



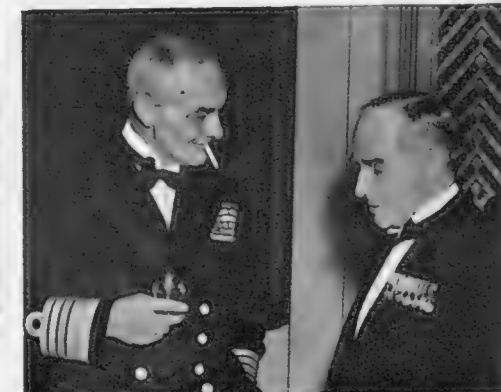
Cdr. Harry Vandervell, founder and president of the Club, talking to Mr. A. V. Alexander, the Minister of Defence



Vice-Admiral Sir Charles Morgan, Deputy Chief of Naval Personnel, and the Ven. Archdeacon J. K. Wilson, Chaplain of the Fleet



The Hon. W. W. Astor, chairman of the committee, and Vice-Admiral Sir Philip Vian, the Fifth Sea Lord (Air)



Admiral Sir Arthur J. Power, Second Sea Lord and Chief of Naval Personnel, and Capt. Swann. The dinner was held at the Connaught Rooms

Reception for the English Opera Group

By Covent Garden Opera Trust



Mr. Benjamin Britten, the composer, Miss Iris Holland Rogers, and Mr. James Laurie. The reception was held at the Opera House



Lady Newnes, wife of Sir Frank Newnes, Bt., the publisher, and Mr. Thomas Cochran



Sir Frank Newnes, Bt., Mr. Edward Renton, Mr. Henry Woolaston, Mrs. Michael Wood and Mrs. Woolaston



Three members of the Vienna State Opera: Dr. Theodore Goodman, Hans Hotter and Maria Cebotari



Mr. Roy Ashton, Miss Leslie Duff and Mrs. Roy Ashton were also guests at this very pleasant function



Miss Tanya Moiseiwitsch talking to Mrs. Tyrone Guthrie, wife of the producer



Lady Rose, wife of Sir Francis Rose, with Dr. C. E. M. Joad



Miss Enid Vandyk, Mr. Eric Crozier and Miss Emelie Hook



Miss Iris Holland Rogers, Mr. Peter Fears, the singer, and Miss Marion Stein



Mr. Frederick Ashton, the choreographer, and Mr. Derek Hill



Mr. and Mrs. William Parsons and Mr. Eric Thompson, the designer



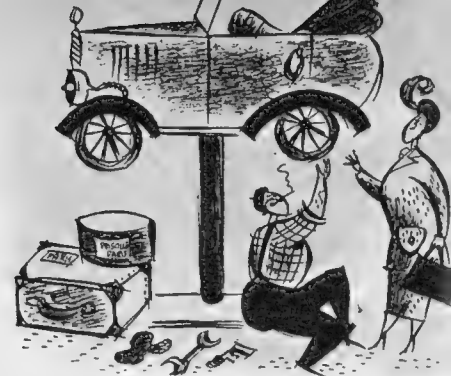
Mrs. Violet Trefusis, the writer, who lives in France, at the Villa dell' Ombrellino, Bellosguardo



Mrs. Gloria Braggiotti at the Villa La Pietra



F. J. Goodman
H.H. the Rani of Pudukota in the Roman Amphitheatre at Fiesole

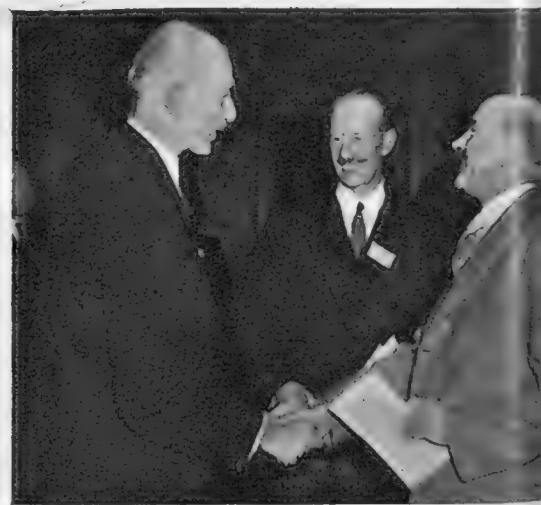


Priscilla

THE FARM ON THE ISLAND.—I had expected to write this from Paris, but four broken spring blades—I was lucky to discover the damage before starting—sent Miss Chrysler 1926 into dry-dock for a few days. The high roads of *la belle France* have been remarkably well repaired since the war, but since every branch of administration in France holds its little jokers, one suddenly comes across unannounced stretches of pot-holes, with, as I know to my cost (in every sense of the word), dire results.

Except that duty calls me back to town, I have no complaints. Our summer visitors, notable and otherwise, have departed. . . . The hotels and pensions are empty. Only the locals remain, peasants and fisherfolk, and life is very pleasant. Our little lasses who serve in the shops have taken the varnish off their nails. Their hair is no longer tortured into fashionable—or so they think—coiffures, but flows prettily round their sunburned necks or is flattened in demure *bandeaux* under their muslin *coiffes*.

Luscious, golden grapes and sugary little purple figs are being almost given away. Boys, playing truant from school, come up to the house with their sodden pockets full of translucent, quivering prawns, and oysters are considerably cheaper than *chez Prunier*. A robin redbreast (that I like to imagine is the same one as last year) is catching little grasshoppers on the dune that is ablaze with deep golden, wild autumn crocuses that have somehow managed to thrust their tender spires through the sun-baked, sandy earth before breaking into bloom.



Opening of the

The Earl of Albemarle, who is president of the Anglo-Netherlands Society, and Lord Dudley Gordon, Allied Circle president, received the guests

The Gardens of Florence have attracted many visitors this season, three of whom are seen above. The Villa dell' Ombrellino, on the hills above Florence, is the home of Mrs. Trefusis's mother, the Hon. Mrs. George Keppell, and one of its historic residents was Galileo. Mrs. Braggiotti, who was visiting Mr. Arthur Acton's famous villa, is the wife of a Philadelphia artist



of Paris Happy Accident

Tiny lizards still bask on the red bricks of the terrace in front of my window, and life is very peaceful and lovely. I have no hankering for the toil, tumult and pavements of town. . . .

We have had many notable visitors this year, resting and recuperating between the wearing gaieties of more fashionable resorts. Now that they have gone, one can mention them, for they have been to so many other, better known, haunts that they can hardly be traced to this hidden and therefore enchanting Eden.

We older Islanders like to keep ourselves to ourselves! We dread the arrival of a magnate who will discover the possibilities of golf-links and a casino. It is sure to happen sooner or later, but pending such evil times, we bask in our retreat.

EARLY in the season we had the visit of the First Gentleman of France. His grandchildren were staying here with their lovely mother, and, having evaded his bodyguard, he was to be seen in khaki shorts, *espadrilles* and open shirt, teaching the infants how to wait and lay ground lines.

The children had been well coached for their stay with us. "If you brag about your grand-papa and about your new home in Paris, you'll be spanked, see?" said their governess, who is a simple soul from a south-west provincial town. Before they returned to town they were taken to the local store to buy gloves. The six-year-old Benjamin sulked while they were being tried on. "If the little monsieur does not like these," said the thrilled and

obsequious shop girl, "we have other models!" The boy turned to his governess: "I'd rather have the kind I didn't have to wear before I became . . . what I am now!" he wept.

FINE wines and liqueurs appeared on certain tables this year. One of the most important distillers of the country was here. . . . Jean Gutzeit came from Brussels with his beautiful Anglo-Italian wife and the most gorgeous thing in British cars I have seen since Sir Coleridge Kennard's Jaguar at Cannes. A dark grey Humber that goes like a hawk!

I shall (D.V.) be back in Paris for the annual motor show . . . but what good will it do me, alas? We are told that a certain "flivver" firm will soon be turning out 300 small-power cars per day. We shall, no doubt, be allowed to look at them . . . but 'ware touching, much less acquiring.

Voilà!

● A well-known Hollywood star had been vaccinated on her left hip in order, she said, that the marks should not show when she wears an evening frock.

"Rubbish," declared her dearest enemy, "the only place where they wouldn't show might be on the sole of her foot!"



King Gustav with his granddaughter Queen Ingrid, and King Frederik with Crown Princess Louisa, attending a State supper



King Frederik of Denmark (right) with Princess Ingeborg of Sweden and Prince Bertil of Sweden



Dutch Art Exhibition at the Allied Circle, Green Street

Lady Glenconner talking to Mr. Paul Rykens, of the Anglo-Netherlands Society, who is vice-chairman of Unilever

Mr. J. B. Aug Kessler, M. Verduynen, the Netherlands Ambassador, and the Rev. Sir Henry Fitzmaurice, formerly Consul-General at Batavia



Queen Ingrid of Denmark driving with her step-mother, Crown Princess Louisa of Sweden (sister of Viscount Mountbatten), from Stockholm station to the Royal palace on the Danish Royal visit to King Gustav of Sweden

King Gustav's Royal Visitors



"Flexed clean hocks and gaily bucked,——"



"Thrills to Huntsman's FOR'ARD cheers"

HIS FIRST DAY

*He first saw hounds at Bolies' Cross.
Greeted them with bit-bar toss,
Red beribboned tail he tucked,
Flexed clean hocks and gaily bucked,
Mildly scaring folks around.
Huntsman prayed for wayward hound!*

*Pack move off. We dance behind
Cavalcade. An instant find.
Charge round covert, bore to front,
Tyro tastes his maiden hunt.*

*Rakes for freedom, cocking ears;
Thrills to Huntsman's FOR'ARD cheers,
Twanging copper, bitches chime.
First fence . . . "Slowly! Take your time . . .
Leader's swerving! . . . Don't you dare!"
Over! . . . Hear, unearned, his swear.*

*Hounds were marking fox to earth,
I dismounted . . . slackened girth.
Hounds went on to draw . . . while we
Sauntered home contentedly.*

Drawings by
Tom Carr

STANISLAUS LYNCH



"Hounds were marking fox to earth"



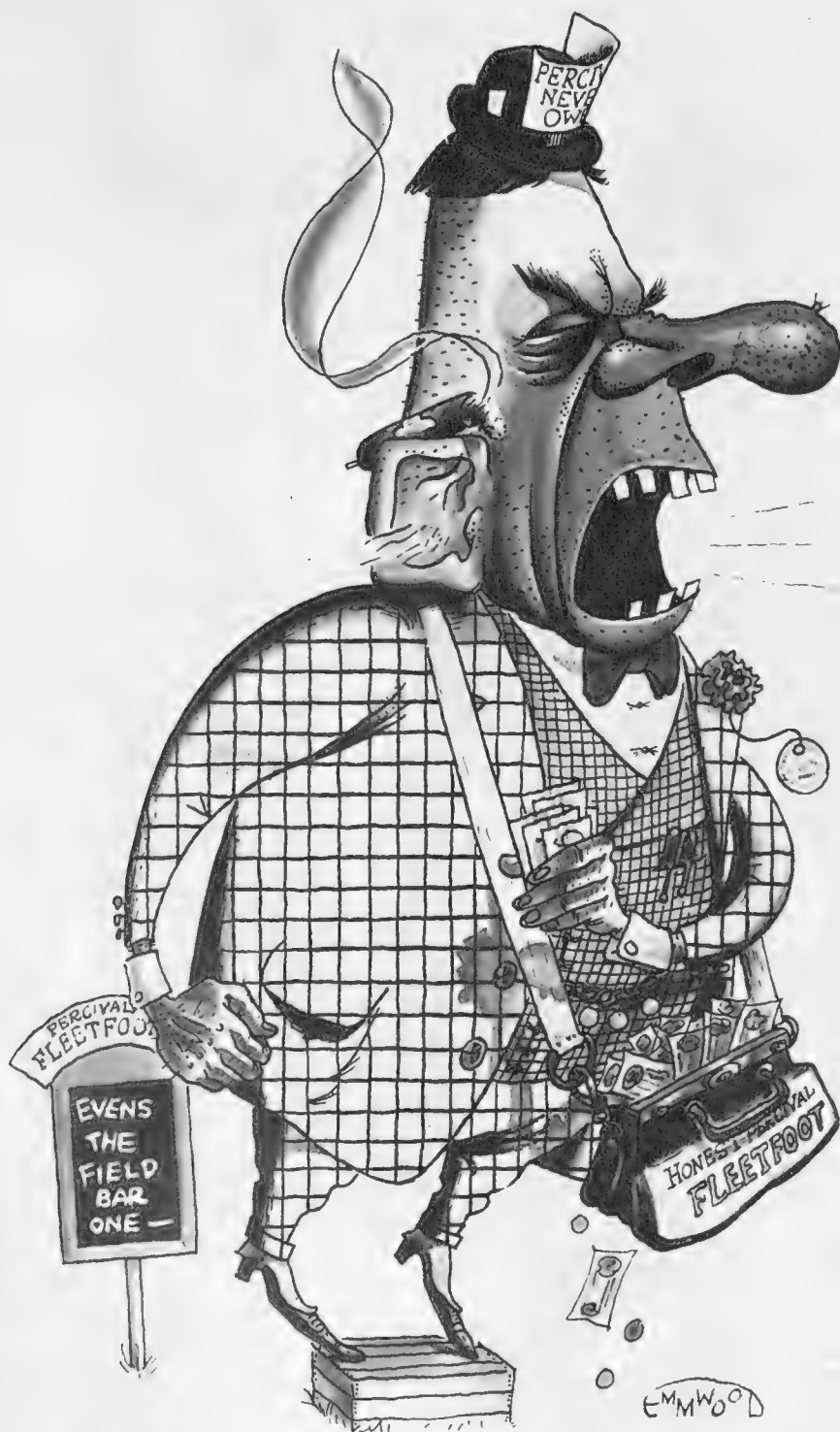
"Sauntered home contentedly"



Huntsman and hounds of the Berkeley moving off from Hilles House, Painswick, Glos. The existing pack dates back to 1807, but a Lord Berkeley hunted from London to the Severn as far back as the reign of Elizabeth

EMMWOOD'S AVIARY: NO. 9

A brightly-plumed and raucous little visitor to our downs and open spaces, unluckily with us the whole year round



The Newmarket Bandyscoot—or Welshar

(Mugsansuca—Siluvem)

Adult Male: General colour vinous and mottled, inclined to blue roughness on the mandibles; beak bulbous and extremely vinous, delicately veined and purpling at extremities; body feathers brightly hued, usually checkered on upper coverts; legs spindly, inclined to bandiness, but capable of high bursts of speed; feet flat, though nimble. Bird of prey.

Habits: The species normally feed in coveys and make a most disgusting though, paradoxically, tempting babel of noises when feeding. Their feeding-time is usually heralded by a great flapping of wings and an almost deafening tympany of strident cries—a kind of "Ilayerevensbarwun!" or, when agitated, "Gitaruvityur!" and when extremely agitated "xx!?!@!@!". The Welshar feeds

almost exclusively on suckers, and feathers its nest with mugs. It will lay any amount of odds. The bird has an irritating little habit, if not carefully watched by the observer, of taking to flight. It will be admitted, by those unlucky enough to have "lost" a bird in this manner, that it moves with an admirable turn of speed when flushed.

Habitats: Downland, markets, especially new ones; quite often black ones; street corners and any open ground where horses and suckers are likely to forgather.

Adult Female: As yet this member of the genus has not been encountered—which is, perhaps, a good thing, hen-birds having more finely-developed vocal cords.



D. B. WYNDHAM LEWIS

FROM the Athenæum revolutionary underworld the other day a shrill cry went up to Auntie *Times* denouncing the 1300 private boxholders of the Royal Albert Hall and significantly urging the Government to put the old arm on them, in the democratic manner.

On va leur couper les flancs,
Rataplan!

They will probably be placed *hors la loi* and shot, a chap in close touch tells us. Apart from lounging orgulously in their own property, by founders' rights over 999 years from the building of the Albert Hall (1871), spurning and flouting the populace as they sweep derisively up the Grand Staircase, and maybe crying "Let 'em eat coke!" during symphony-concerts, these aristos are also accused by the Trade of racketeering. Anyway the Nation has rumbled them at last, and perhaps you as well. You never thought of that? Hey? You don't know the power and ferocity of those Jacobins in the Athenæum.

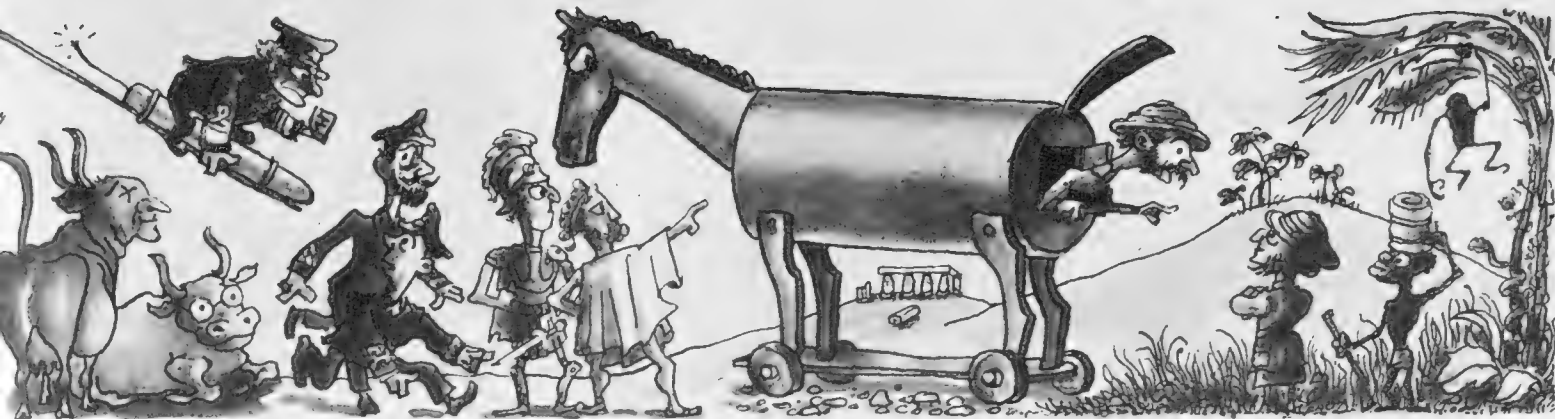
Et zig, et zigouille,
Hi! hi! (*bis*)
Nous boirons tous du sang, du sang,
Rataplan!

You don't mind these little snatches of song from an earlier Terror? Look out for the opening date of the next, with complete words and music, in a special issue of Auntie, known to Jacobin circles as "La Mère Duchesne."

Sizzler

THAT rocket the First Sea Lord gave the R.N.V.R. Club for razzing a Cabinet Minister at their annual dinner deserves to rank, as marine rockets go, with the one the aged Prince Blücher gave the Channel Islands Yacht Club at a dinner years ago, as recounted by Major Lewis Hastings in his delightful memoirs, *Dragons Are Extra*.

As Blücher began to propose "The Ladies," in careful English, there was a titter. Fixing his eyeglass firmly, Blücher turned on the frivolous yachtsmen and rasped: "I do not know why you laugh! I loff ze ladies! I loff zem from zero tops to zero bottoms!" which, says Major Hastings, was rapturously received. Whether the R.N.V.R. boys deserved their own rocket we are apt to doubt, since politicians are made (and paid) to be razzed on all possible occasions. The late Robert Benchley used to razz them on the New York streets whenever he came across one; nothing rude, merely a sustained tuneful chant, e.g.: "Sec-ret-ar-y of the In-te-ri-or! Sec-ret-ar-y of the In-te-ri-or!" They generally ducked and dived wildly into taxicabs, he told us.



Standing By ...

DECORATIONS BY WYSARD

Our native Ministers (especially now) cherish a quaint impression that they are the Race's sacred cows. Whose silly fault is that?

Gift

DESCRIBING the Red racket within the British mining industry as "a formidable Trojan horse," a Labour M.P. forgot to add that lack of curiosity is often more fatal than nosiness.

This point must have been discussed exhaustively at Greek G.H.Q. before Operation Gee of the Trojan War, and maybe leading psychological smartypants were called in to help the brasshats; the main question being "If you were sent a whacking great wooden horse by somebody who didn't like you, would you want to know what was inside it?" The traditional Greek brouhaha, schism, and party strife would ensue as the psychology boys warmed up:

"You leave my wife out of it."

"I can't. It's the Association of Ideas. Whenever I think of a wooden horse I think of your wife."

"You keep your obscene curiosity for the suckers in your consulting-room."

"Curiosity nothing! I don't want to know what your wife's inside's like!" (Uproar.)

As it happened the Trojans accepted the wooden horse with delight and no curiosity at all, like a leading lady accepting a casket of chocolates over the footlights after a first-night. She wouldn't dream of looking inside, and maybe the Trojans assumed their surprise-gift to be full of sawdust as well.

Pioneer

EXPLORERS are such liars that the frank simplicity of a recent African adventurer who remarked that the most dangerous living creature he encountered in an epic journey from Algiers to Cape Town was "a brunette in a café at Elizabethville," stamps him as an original. Your typical De Rougemont would instinctively have made her a blonde.

Those of our little readers who are members of the Royal Society will remember a paper read some years ago to a packed, distinguished, and breathless audience and entitled *Blondes on the Belgian Congo*, which began:

There are no blondes on the Belgian Congo. I therefore make no apology for directing your attention to-night to some highly interesting variations in high-frequency vibrations of the V-ray actuated by zeugmatic fluorescence. . . .

As for brunettes on the Belgian Congo, a knowledgeable chap assures us that they are dangerous to explorers only in so far as everything that climbs, flies, or swims takes a crack at explorers. This is Nature's own law, due to

those swollen red knees and still more to that habit of loping through the undergrowth, a habit greatly detested in the Wilds; as Stanley, a confirmed loper, discovered when he met Livingstone, if you recall an historic conversation:

"Dr. Livingstone, I presume?"

"Must you lope?"

"That is the correct Bush procedure, I believe?"

"Correct my foot, you look like a baboon with colic."

(Embarrassed pause.)

"It—er—it is Dr. Livingstone?"

"My name is Harriet Beecher Stowe. Good morning."

Sequel

STANLEY duly cabled his sensational scoop ("NPONGO TUESDAY AMAZING BUSH DRAMA MYSTERY FURIOUS WHISKERED ANTILOPING WOMAN NOVELIST WELLKNOWN IN NEGRO CIRCLES



TODAY PANNED COLICSTRICKEN BABOONS . . .") to the *New York Herald*, and got a reply-cable from Gordon-Bennett next day: "UNDISCOVER EVERYTHING OUTGET AFRICA PROCEED HELLWARD"; which seemed a shame, but is nothing in the crowded life of a distinguished "special."

Adolescent

POSSIBLY it was a typographical slip, but a recent reference in an evening paper to "a 77-year-old youth" charged with swiping a citizen's chattels seemed to us perfectly reasonable.

Judging by the Ballet and the West End light musical stage, that adolescent is just approaching

the stage where, as the Victorian poet said prettily, "brook and river meet." Some youths never throw off their native *gaucherie* till the early eighties, a Youth Movement official assures us. In the ballet world this is often grotesquely misunderstood. For example, in *Le Spectre de la Rose* you sometimes see, in place of that final flying leap through the window which immortalised Nijinsky, a couple of stagehands galloping on to lift and lower the *premier danseur* carefully over the ledge. Balletomanes assume it's arthritis.

Footnote

YOU ask how we know so much "inside" ballet stuff? We were once a *danseur noble* with Diaghilev's outfit, but we fell down so continuously on approaching our sixties that we became a *danseur ignoble*. Diaghilev was most kind. "How's your Art today, boy?" he would cry. "Terrible, sir," we'd groan, "it's them blasted palpitations again." "Well," Diaghilev would say, patting our grey head before tripping on, "next time you fall, boy, fall on that ramping so-and-so Pushova." Which we gladly did.

B.T.A.

As a gossip remarked recently with creditable approval, strict segregation of the sexes is practised on the sleeping-car service of the LNER; a very decent line, as we have always maintained. A railway system takes its tone, after all, from its directors, and to some extent from the solicitors to the company, some of whom, despite a cold legal exterior, are no fit companions for an English Rose.

When we owned some railway-shares and attended annual meetings we generally asked the Chairman a few questions on ethical points. One such conversation took this turn:

"What are our arrangements for travelling bigamists by day?"

"It depends on the number of wives. They can book a saloon or use a luggage-van for surplus personnel."

"I think the Company rather falls down in this matter. Are any of our solicitors bigamous?"

(Pause while the Chairman whispers.)

"Yes, I understand they go in for it a bit."

"I'd like to ask that tall thin one a question."

(More whispers.)

"Would you mind not doing so? He doesn't like being teased by shareholders. Bigamy is very sacred to him."

"Does the Company believe in employing legal sissies?"

That started a most fruitful discussion and resulted eventually in the formation of the Bigamous Travel Association, now active and prosperous.

Sabretache

Pictures in the Fire

It is not every day that a perfect fusion of the sword and the pen is encountered, but in the late Sir Ian Hamilton, whose death is deplored by all who knew him, we had it. Of his brilliant military career, so much has already been published that it seems only necessary to add a small personal impression. He was one of those rare people completely lacking in the capacity for fear. It is a quality inborn: hardly ever acquired.

Of all his many adventures in the field of war, I verily believe that the one he enjoyed the most was that Tirah campaign of 1897-98, when the whole length of the North-West Frontier of India burst into violent flame for no assignable cause—Islamic fervour, spontaneous combustion, the feeling that comes over those parts at times, when they just feel "blue mouldy for a bating"—who knows?

Ian Hamilton had a brigade, and one of the battalions of his regiment, the Gordons, greatly distinguished itself upon an ugly occasion at a place called Dargai. They went in and cleaned up the job with the cold steel to the exhilarating music of Piper Findlater, who was shot through the foot but still went on blowing that impelling battle-song, for which Scotland's national instrument is so justly famous. The pipes have a spell that would waken the dead! Findlater subsequently got the V.C.

Sir Ian Hamilton's Russo-Japanese war dispatches were quite rightly acclaimed a literary classic, and were, likewise, a fine literary achievement. It was this last quality that marked all that he wrote, and, as has already been said, constituted a quite outstanding instance of the welding of two powerful weapons into one. Sir Ian married the eldest of the very attractive daughters of the late Sir John Muir and Lady Muir, Sir John, Lord Provost of Glasgow and a pillar of the commercial world, was a very strong and individual character.

Quaint Betting

WHETHER the professionals have been responsible, whether it was the fielders levelling off their books, or whether it was just that jumpiness that uncertainty always induces, the market on the "Grand National of the Flat" has provided almost endless variety. Let us look at what has been happening.

I suggest that we think of these few facts and throw the rest overboard: (1) The call-over on September 22nd, at which they made Firemaster favourite for the Cesarewitch, was the feint attack; (2) the call-over on September 29th, when they dropped Firemaster like a red-hot coal and installed Ramponneau top of the list, was not much better, for the revulsion was caused by the news that Gordon Richards was to ride him; (3) that the real attack opened on September 30th on the course at Newmarket after Firemaster had won the Melbourn Stakes (2 miles) absolutely as he liked. There was a solid 5000 to 300 taken, and back he went to the place the Ring thought he ought to have on September 22nd, without a jot or tittle of evidence to justify its opinion.

Ramponneau might have finished in front of Better Catch and Firemaster (second and third) in the Ebor if he had had blue water in front of him over the last $1\frac{1}{2}$ furlongs, but he never would have caught Procne, who won by the comfortable margin of two lengths. On top of all this, the $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles of the Ebor is not a true

Cesarewitch gallop. Ramponneau finished fourth in the 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ -miles Doncaster Cup, a good trial, and Monsieur L'Amiral, who was backed down to 5 to 4, was only sixth, but then nothing could be blamed for crying "Enough!" on that cast-iron going. There was a lot of money for this very good French horse. After this they put him on the 33 to 1 mark for the Cesarewitch, and in some places even 50 to 1.

Then on October 4th back came Ramponneau, a point better favourite than Firemaster, nothing having happened in public or private, so far as was known, to cause the wind to shift; then on the 10th Sea Lover comes up-sides with Ramponneau and both are backed for real money—and Monsieur L'Amiral shortens from 50 to 1 to 28 to 1 and then 25 to 1, but no big wagers are recorded. Why the sudden change? Did someone remember that in the Goodwood Cup, 2 miles 5 furlongs, Monsieur L'Amiral, giving away 20 lbs., beat Sea Lover exactly as and when he liked? And then the last-minute rush on Roscoff! A quaint market!

The One Thousand, the Derby, the Oaks, the Gold Cup, the Goodwood Cup and the Leger, the King George VI. Stakes, a valuable prize, have all gone foreign, and but for Mr. Jack Dewar's little champion they would have taken the Two Thousand and the Eclipse as well. The Frenchman luckily did not win the Cesarewitch, and there is just time to congratulate White-way's owner; but a foreigner is pretty certain to take the Cambridgeshire to India.

The Long and the Short of It

It does not appear to have occurred to any of those who are getting so hot under the collar over this 14 ins. from the ground question to call in the aid of the real experts, the past and present judges at the Peterborough Hound Show. They would tell us in a second which ought, and which ought not, to show that extra inch or two of nylon. It would be child's play to them, so accustomed as they are to making up their minds in a flash about anything that is not quite straight, back at the knee, out at the elbows or standing over even more than they like them at the we-won't-say-which kennels.

Just because they are judges of foxhounds they would not be dogmatic about it, and that would be the correct attitude; for surely, in a matter like this, no hard-and-fast line can be drawn. There are some things for which no skirt would be an adequate blackout, and which should be put behind that impenetrable object an iron curtain, just as, on the other hand, there are those for which a Cabinet Minister has so great an appreciation. I strongly urge the co-opting of the Peterborough judges, and it might not be a bad idea to appoint the president of the Bloodstock Breeders' Association in a consultative capacity, for not only is he an ex-M.F.H., but is the possessor of the æsthetic eye.

If you are well up in your Divinity you will recall what King Solomon did when the Queen of Sheba was about to visit him. Flooding that ante-room was an inspiration. The Queen was a long-skirt addict.

The situation grows rapidly worse, for it is now plain that that Unconsidered Trifle, Man, is heading straight for woad, the tailors having said that they are practically out of suit lengths. Kilts, of course, are impossible, since they take up cloth for about three pairs of trousers.



Starting out: Mr. P. B. Lucas, Mrs. N. Seely, Mrs. H. A. Cleary and Capt. S. Tredennick



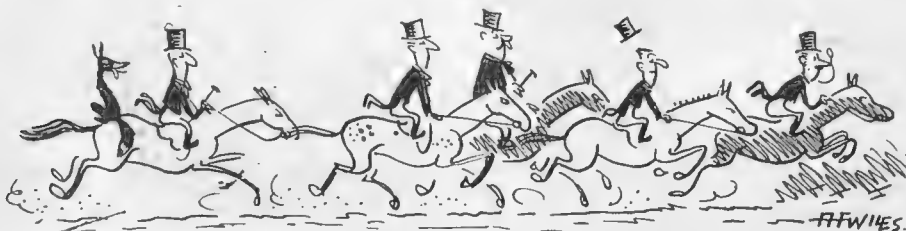
Another foursome: Miss D. Pearson, Mrs. I. Mills, Mr. J. A. Dixon and Mr. L. G. Crawley



Mr. and Mrs. J. Beck during their final round on the Worplesdon course, near Woking



Miss Jacqueline Gordon and Major A. A. Duncan were among the competitors in the open scratch mixed foursomes tournament



Worplesdon Foursomes

Scoreboard



GOOD morning, fellow-workers. Are you conscious? Not, I mean, of class (though it will tell), nor of having left the oven full on with your bowler-hat inside (which will also tell in the end), nor of a rival for the affections of your favourite

goldfish, nor of being followed to your so-called work by a hideous foreigner in check carpet-slippers, a hurry, a green sombrero, and a silent hydraulic bath-chair—not of these; but are you just, so to speak, in a Henry James sort of a kind of a, as it were, manner, conscious?

If not, you're the bloke for me, and I should like to whisper into your soft-conched 2-acre ear the news, exclusive of our phenomenal contemporaries and inclusive of our nominal charge, that, in a recent cut-and-shuffle, Nathaniel ("Nanny") Dinwell was shifted from cover-point to long-stop.

AT a Press Conference, hastily convened in the sawdust-and-blancé shed during the tea interval, Mr. Dinwell, who had just missed six catches, and let forty-eight Byes through faulty footwork, said, "I do not blame you, gentlemen."

A Voice: Thanks.

"I blame your employers."

Two Voices: Thanks. Thanks.

"We all miss catches."

A Voice: Some more than others.

"We all let Byes."

A Voice: Not forty-eight.

"And when you miss catches and let Byes—"

Tired Voice: It's not much good pretending you haven't.

"From your abysmal ignorance of the game, it is obvious, sir, that you are employed by a decadent, reactionary, undemocratic Fascist newspaper."

Tired Voice: I'm not a newspaper. I'm the groundsman's right 'and. And I'd be glad if you'd take your ruddy debating society out of my shed. I want the brooms and the light roller.

"I have always done my duty."

Tired Voice: So've I; till you boys commandeered my shed.

"Cover-point to long-stop. I've just moved on."

A Voice: Round, not on; round and round the mulberry-bush.

"I shall continue to support my captain—in public."

The conference breaks up. Telephones ring insanely. The groundsman expectorates; stuffs his pipe with blotting-paper, and gets it going at the sixth attempt with an Inutility lighter. The game goes on.

TALKING of pipes, as the oil-king said to the organist, have you ever tried smoking horse-chestnuts? If your thoughts should bend that way, you'll have to step on it, for the Conker Season is almost over—"Play you, if you like, after prep., Fanshawe mins.; no baked conkers allowed; mine's a sixty-fourer. Yours a sixty-sixer? Liar. Anyhow, that'll make me—er, wait a sec.—a hundred-and-thirty."

There's no Entertainment Tax on Conkers; just the heck of a mess down the corridor, and you can't find any string when you want to tie a parcel. No tax; and no Promoters, with rubber collars and consciences. It's the same with Lacrosse, up till yet. As fast and fierce a game as eye and heart could wish. Enterprising oculists sometimes recommend their patients to try goalkeeping at Lacrosse, because the opposition are entitled to dodge around behind the goal and pop up again in front of it.

R.C. Robertson-Glasgow.



Some of the competitors in the Ladies' Parliamentary Golf Association autumn meeting waiting to drive off from the first tee: Miss Barnes Gorell, Lady Romilly, the Marchioness of Carisbrooke, Mrs. Douglas Fish, Mrs. J. S. F. Morrison, Mrs. T. H. Harker, Mrs. Alan Dower, Mrs. C. Gurney and Mrs. J. A. D. Bell

Parliamentary Ladies' Golf Meeting



Elizabeth Viscountess Mountgarret driving during a game



The Hon. Mrs. Cecil Lomax, daughter of Viscount Hampden



James Braid dressing Lady Belper's fingers with tape before she drives off



Mrs. Idina Mills drives off vigorously during a close game



Mrs. J. S. F. Morrison won the Darnley Cup for the best handicap score



Mrs. A. C. Crutchley (formerly Diana Fishwick) was winner of the Scratch Challenge Cup with a return of 78



Duck Shooting



Partridge Shooters—the Right Sort



Sport with the Johnny Raws

English Sporting Prints are the subject of an exhibition now being held at Messrs. Ellis and Smith's Galleries, 16b, Grafton Street, in aid of St. Dunstan's. Great care has been taken in the selection of the prints, of which some examples are shown above, and nearly all of them are in immaculate condition, an important point in estimating a print's quality

Elizabeth Bowen's

Book Reviews

"Addams and Evil"

"The House by the Sea"

"Midnight Oil"

"Come Into the Kitchen"

AMERICA, let us give it her, certainly breeds the bogies: she is the motherland of the authentic creeps. In drawing, specially—in the matter of literary blood-curdling we still stay the course, but our draughtsmen do not seem to have got much further than the turnip ghost. Ghosts, with us, are a recognised institution—sooner or later, no doubt, they will be taxed, like armorial bearings—but what we seldom or never do is let loose the bats.

Bats, if you ask me, are the by-products of the twentieth century; and because the United States are more twentieth-century than we are, there are more there. You cannot rationalise all of the people all of the time: the more smoothly everything runs, the more peculiar individuals feel—apparently. America's battiness may well be the inverse of her well-ordered life—something has got to break out somewhere. In music, the crazier movies, plays (what other country, for instance, could have sent us *Arsenic and Old Lace*?), and most of all in picture-books, it is, decidedly, her most striking export. These people are on to something.

The New Yorker, inside its bright-coloured, misleadingly cheery covers, sponsors two of the maddest black-and-white artists of our fortunate age: James Thurber, Charles Addams. From the latter's pen comes the album *Addams and Evil*, introduced to our more timid or less-inspired shores by Hamish Hamilton—price 12s. 6d. This picture-book (not for children) has a preface by Wolcott Gibbs, who says:

New Yorker cartoons can be roughly divided into two classes, which, back in the days when I was the most insanely miscast of an almost endless procession of art editors, were conveniently designated as "straight" and "nutty." The first of these was, and still is, pleasantly represented by Miss Helen Hokinson, whose suburban ladies are so plumply and engagingly drawn from life. . . . The other type of *New Yorker* art, rather menacingly displayed

in these pages, is harder to define, since it is less a criticism of any local system than a total and melodramatic rearrangement of all life. . . . In my opinion, the subject of these notes—a man named Charles Addams—is one of the most outrageous artists in America in the sense that his work is essentially a denial of all spiritual and physical evolution in the human race. . . . The monsters in Addams' world are still in the minority—the movie audience still holds only one giggling pervert; only one child in the manual-training class is busy with a little coffin; few people have two heads, three arms, or but a single, centred eye; the inmates of that secret, black and midnight manse are still a household somewhat set apart—but it is only too clear that actually these are the dominant strain, that somehow, as if God had shrugged His shoulders and given up the world, natural selection has reversed itself and presently our civilisation will once again belong to the misshapen, the moonstruck, and the damned.



Peter Noble, the actor and author, who is now writing a biography of Sir Alexander Korda and a lengthy history of British films

YOU may wonder why your reviewer should press upon your attention this unnerving, indeed disaffecting, book. She can only say that it is, in its own diabolic way, far, far funnier than anything she has seen for a long time. We require entertainment, and here it is. (Those who would rather not be entertained at all than entertained by Charles Addams cannot, at least, say that they have not been warned.)

Nothing being deadlier, or more deadening, than the attempt to analyse why anything is funny, it seems better not to theorise about these drawings. Sufficient be it to group them. There are the everyday-life scenes with something in them gone haywire—so deadly-quietly and convincingly haywire that you blink twice, re-nerve yourself, then have to look again. In this group come the Addams children, dear little tots, and strange crises bred of conjugal infelicity. Then there are the Darkest African,

or voodoo, drawings; with a cadet branch featuring snakes and apes. Finally (this comes halfway through the book, but I speak last of it because I rank it highest) there is what Wolcott Gibbs calls the "midnight manse" or, alternatively, "the Old Charles Addams' Place" sequence.

With that unholy quintet in their rotting Gothic home, among cracked mirrors, cobwebs, tottering pillars and dropping ceilings, we become implicated. The sepulchral lady and her bat-eared husband, their giant moron henchman (where, Mr. Gibbs wonders, does that character go on his nights off?), their six-toed little daughter, nursing her stuffed octopus, and their pop-eyed little son, happy all day long with his little bottle of cyanide—we pursue these beings' adventures with a subversive joy. Their domestic round—is it very unlike our own? . . .

Some few exterior shots of "the Old Charles Addams' Place" are not less memorable—yawning balconies, ever-shut, broken-slatted shutters, tower whose top is admirably formed for pouring down (as we watch this family do) molten lead on carol-singers. To the gate has been tacked a warning—"Beware of the Thing."

One should. As for *staying* with these people—"This is your room," says the hostess, accompanying a guest as far as the threshold. "If you should need anything, just scream." In fact, I am far from sure I could happily fall asleep with *Addams and Evil* anywhere in my own room. However, for your sturdier waking hours this book offers fine, morbid, roaring, clean fun—technically perfectly clean, I think: there is no illicit love, as there is no love at all.

THE HOUSE BY THE SEA, on the other hand, is a love-story. First novel by Jon Godden, Rumer Godden's sister, it is published by Michael Joseph at 9s. 6d., and has been the Book Society's choice for this month. As a novel, it is unusual in having only two characters—apart from some villagers who intrude for an afternoon—and in the fact that all the action takes place inside the four-roomed house which names the story. Apart from this, I should not say that originality was *The House by the Sea's* strong point: the theme of a middle-aged, "unrealised" woman's love for a young

man who is a bad hat has, surely, been fairly often treated before?—while in real life it is still more sadly familiar. . . . Here, in this case, we have Edwina Marsh—forty-one, unmarried, repressed, diffident, clumsy—who, on the strength of an unexpected legacy, has made her escape from a dominating woman friend, Madge, and bought a small, white, modern house on the Cornish coast. Here she plans to build up her own life, living alone. Will she stick it out? Madge has opined not—has not poor Edwina's life, so far, been a succession of misfires and muddles? To cap everything, the house is extremely lonely, and Edwina, habitually as nervous as a cat, is only just recovering from a breakdown.

However, the question of solitude is not to arise. On Edwina's very first evening in her new home someone batters upon the door, and, when she, trembling, opens it, hurtles past Edwina into the hall. This turns out to be one Ross Dennehy, deserter from the American Army, and, it transpires, something a good deal worse: on the run on the cliffs in the dark, he has sprained his ankle. Edwina, tending the ankle, shelters Ross for a week, in the course of which a curious relationship springs up between them.

THIS is a story which cannot possibly end happily, and does not. For some reason, I do not find it as moving as it ought to be—I can only think because I found it embarrassing. The effect *should* be, that these two, the muffled, middle-aged woman and the young criminal-soldier, somehow or other brought out the best in each other—but I was left doubtful that there was much good to bring. Is it perhaps an unwritten law of the novel that at least one character in it should have a strong vein of normality? In this case, both Ross and Edwina suffer from being as peculiar as they come; so much so that there is a touch of aberration about the whole affair.

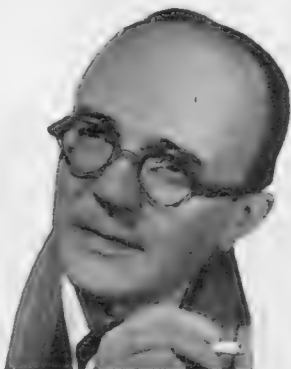
I regret that Edwina was not conceived by Miss Godden upon a just somehow nobler and higher plane: as pictured, she is so distressing to contemplate that it is hard for the book, as a whole, to achieve sublimity. Miss Godden may not, I think, realise how fatally, from the point of view of the reader, she is letting Edwina down: her attitude to her heroine is loyal; it is tinged, in fact, with an almost morbid solicitude; but she does not succeed in transferring solicitude, morbid or otherwise, to me. The tale is pathetic, but ought to be something more.

As a study of uneasiness—and perhaps, after all, that was what it was intended to be a study

of—*The House by the Sea* is better. Claustrophobia rules—for the greater part of that week in hiding everything is wrapped in a thick mist—and one also shares Edwina's anxieties as to the rapidly-emptying larder. Her initial joy in her own house and her attachment to her possessions are well done—even so, I wished she would not indulge in so many fanciful interior dialogues. The dressing-up scene, near the beginning, upset me: I felt ashamed to be spying upon Edwina while she was so engaged. But that, like so many other of my comments, must be left at that: a matter purely of taste.

PETER TRAILL is a lively, straightforward, at the same time pleasantly artful short-story writer: not one of the twenty-five here in *Midnight Oil* (Herbert Jenkins; 8s. 6d.) fails either to key up the reader or to play fair at the end. By this I mean Mr. Traill never fades out enigmatically—he deals in plots; and racy, compact little affairs his plots are.

He is less caustic than Somerset Maugham, less bizarre (if also less elegant) than the ever-to-be-lamented Saki. Shortness isn't merely an accident in his stories; it is part of their character—he never drags up too much, or allows himself to become too deeply involved in a situation. At the same time, he often—as in "The Dancing Shoes," "Where the Buses Stop," "A Small Parcel" and "In the Mountains"—suggests that here is a situation of considerable size.



M. Roger-Ferdinand, President of the Société des Auteurs Français, who has been visiting this country in connection with the Gateway Theatre production of his "Wheels of Sentiment" (*La Foire aux Sentiments*)

On the whole, I should call Mr. Traill's attitude to life sardonic, though in the main kindly. He sees where everybody gets off, but thinks none the worse of humanity for its weaknesses. Occasionally his penchant for the fantastic runs away with him: the "possibility" of one or two of these stories *might* be queried; and I must say I have most respect for the others, which keep within normal psychological bounds. "Christmas and Mr. Gibson," an ironic little tale of a bachelor at a loose end, is an example. "Flotsam" is good, but grim. "Giving Up the Ghost" takes a gay, disrespectful shot at the supernatural—of which we have, again, a nice, giddy version in "The Spinnet." . . . *Midnight Oil* is Mr. Traill's fourth collection of stories: it is

likely to disappoint nobody who enjoyed the others.

"COME INTO THE KITCHEN," by Alexie Gordon and Trudy Bliss (Gollancz; 6s.), fills a felt want—it is a cookery-book for children. All children like kitchens, not only because they respond to the hot and succulent

RECORD OF THE WEEK

THIS month Verdi's opera *Aida* has been recorded with a distinguished cast of singers who are able to evoke the composer's sense of the theatre as well as sing his arias.

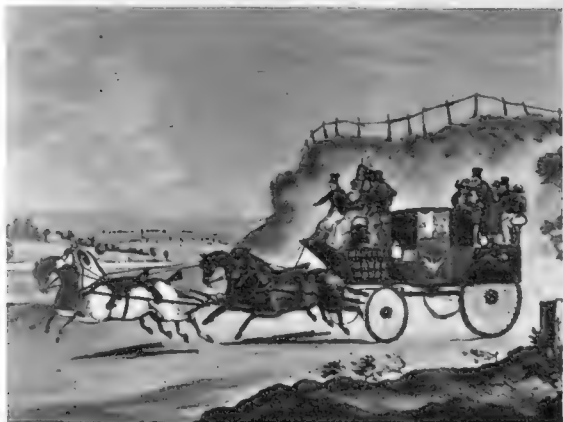
Maria Caniglia sings the part of Aida, Ebe Stignani Amneris, and Radames is sung by Beniamino Gigli. The orchestra is that of the Opera House, Rome, the conductor Tullio Serafin. The whole is sung in Italian, and there are forty sides in all. If you listened to the broadcast from the Edinburgh Festival of Verdi's *Macbeth* you must have appreciated his sense of speed, his vivid characterisation, both vocally and orchestrally, and his ability to handle crowds.

The present recording gives splendid value to the singers' colour. It is full-blooded and alive. The voices are all big, and the singers are not afraid to act, as so many of our own opera singers are, though the English Opera Group in their recent presentation at Covent Garden show that at least we have some first-class artists who are capable of acting superbly and singing equally well at the same time. The *Aida* records are H.M.V. DB. 6392-6411.

Robert Tredinnick.

smells which come out of them, but because also they are fascinated by this one room of the house in which things do really get made and done. To have to regard the kitchen as purely the domain of the grown-up is sad: children's aspiration, in there, is not merely to hang about; they have a definite wish to get down to something. And my own view is that to get some hold on this, one of the most important of life's activities, adds to a child's self-respect. This goes for either sex—I am glad to see that this book is intended for "boys and girls."

Everything that comes into range is covered—from the making of tea and buttered toast, scones, cakes, up to sauces which, if not exotic, demand patience and skill. Hints on the preparation of breakfast, Sunday supper and picnic foods combine inspiration with common sense (many grown-up muddlers might well profit). There is a section of simple recipes at the end—and the suggestion that the really enthusiastic child should build up his or her own personal cookery-book seems excellent. . . . A particular charm of *Come Into the Kitchen* is the conversational style in which it is written—the two authors (who dedicate this book to their own children) know not only what to say but how to say it. The illustrations, by Nancy Innes, are pleasing, but for one—why was that charming, pig-tailed little girl given such an unshaven, morbid-looking father?



The "Eagle," Paris and Dover Coach



From a Meltonian series



The Leap, one of four hunting prints

Three More Examples of the prints on view in Grafton Street. The exhibition will remain open until November 28. As well as prints there are also some original paintings by famous sporting artists, including John Ferneley, J. F. Herring and Benjamin Marshall. The exhibits have all been assembled over a considerable period, and are thoroughly representative

THEY WERE MARRIED

The "Tatler's" Review



Plum—Tabrum

Mr. G. L. Plum, only son of the late Mr. Arthur J. Plum, and of Mrs. Plum, of Frognel Lodge, Torquay, married Miss Drina Tabrum, only daughter of the late Mr. Frank Tabrum, and of Mrs. G. H. G. Coventry, late of Adel Grange, Leeds, and now of Corbyn Lodge, Torquay

Lenare



Stephen—Clarke

Mr. James Frederick Stephen, elder son of Sir A. Murray and Lady Stephen, of Cleugharn Lodge, East Kilbride, Lanarkshire, married Miss Betty Travers Clarke, only daughter of Lt.-Gen. Sir Travers and Lady Clarke, at Brompton Parish Church



How-Younger—Stuart-Menteth

The wedding took place in St. Mary's Cathedral, Edinburgh, of Capt. William How-Younger, of Hainacarron, St. Andrews, and Miss L. Frances Stuart-Menteth, only daughter of Sir William Stuart-Menteth, Bt., and Lady Stuart-Menteth, New Cumnock, Ayrshire



Jersey—Mottironi

The Earl of Jersey, elder son of the late Earl of Jersey and of Lady Cynthia Slessor, married Miss Bianca Maria Luciana Adriana Mottironi, daughter of Signor and Signorina Enrico Mottironi, of Via Goffredo Casalis, Turin, Italy -



Poole, Dublin

Plunkett—de Rutzen

Lt.-Col. the Hon. Randal A. H. Plunkett, only son of Lord and Lady Dunsany, married Sheila Victoria Katrin, Baroness de Rutzen, widow of Baron de Rutzen, and only daughter of the late Sir Henry and Lady Philipps, of Picton Castle, Pembrokeshire



Hodson—Ropner

Mr. Alan Hodson, eldest son of the Rev. Harold Hodson, M.C., and Mrs. Hodson, of the Rectory, Bedale, Yorkshire, married Miss Rita Ropner, daughter of Sir Guy and Lady Ropner, of Firby Hall, Bedale, Yorkshire, at St. Gregory's, Bedale



Beasley—Rawlinson

Mr. D. E. G. Beasley, son of Mr. and Mrs. Beasley, of Burford, Oxfordshire, married Miss Rosemary Rawlinson, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Rawlinson, of Radley College, near Abingdon, Berkshire, at Radley College Chapel



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John Cole



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FASHION

PAGE

by

Winifred

Lewis

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The "Tatler's" Register of ENGAGEMENTS



Miss Josephine Virginia Troup, third daughter of Brig. and Mrs. F. C. A. Troup, 174 Old Brompton Road, London, S.W.5 who is marrying next week F/Lt. William James Kinchela Miller, elder son of Maj. W. K. Miller, the South Wales Borderers, and Mrs. Miller, of the Barracks, Brecon



Pearl Freeman

Lady Kenya Eleanor Kit-chener, daughter of the late Viscount Broome R.N. and of Viscountess Broome, of Denton, near Canterbury, who is marrying in November Mr. John Stewart Tatton-Brown, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. Eden Tatton-Brown, of Westergate Wood, near Chichester, Sussex



Miss Carol Arrowsmith, daughter of Canon and Mrs. R. S. Arrowsmith, of Birches, Seale, Farnham, Surrey, who is marrying next month Mr. David McArthur Beaton, younger son of the late Mr. J. W. Beaton, and of Mrs. Beaton, of 8 Brunton Place, Edinburgh



Harlip

Miss Hazel Rosemary Bellville, daughter of Captain and Mrs. G. E. Bellville, of Fermyn Woods Hall, Brigstock, Northamptonshire, who is engaged to Mr. John Hatherley (David) Page Wood, elder son of Cdr. Sir John Page Wood, Bt., R.N. (Retd.) and Lady Page Wood, of 7 Thurloe Square, S.W.7



Catherine Bell

Mr. Richard Renshaw-Beauchamp and Miss Diana Maunsell who are engaged to be married. Mr. Renshaw-Beauchamp is the only son of Captain Charles Mitford Renshaw, of Duntisbourne House, Gloucestershire, and Miss Maunsell is the younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Maunsell, of Milford Naster'on, New Zealand

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Oliver Sturges on FLYING

A BUSINESS man who has proved himself by his achievements to be one of the most competent in England once told me that the mark of office efficiency was the empty desk. Serving as a desk in his office is a beautifully made table of French workmanship and I have never seen so much as a postage stamp marring its exquisite surface . . . whereas my desk!

The idea is, of course, that a human being can deal with only one thing at a time and that if he deals with it the moment it comes in, there is no need for "IN" and "OUT" trays and all the rest of it. It seems to me about time that those who lay out aeroplane cockpits took notice of this theory.

At the moment they try to set in front of the pilot information on many different subjects. His attention cannot be on more than one of those subjects at a time; but concentration upon that subject is made difficult by the presence of all the other information providers—in this case instrument dials. In short the pilot's desk is like mine, a huge, littered heap of books, papers, letters, bills, diaries, folders, telephones, typewriters and other odds and ends.

Superfluous Instruments

Is it really beyond the capacity of modern man to devise a cockpit which would enable the pilot to attend to one thing at a time? During an ordinary flight the engines, for instance, are normally adjusted to run at a fixed rate. The pilot does not want to have four dials in front of him telling him all the time that the engines are behaving normally. All he wants is something that will tell him if one of them begins to behave abnormally.

It is the same with many things. When once they have been set, the pilot can turn his attention to other matters and forget about them provided no change occurs. So the ideal instrument arrangement would be a small panel in front of the pilot and

means whereby he could select what information he wanted at any moment. This information would then appear clearly in front of him and he could give it his undivided attention. That would be the aircraft parallel to the efficient business man's empty desk.

Propjets

NOW that the Dart has flown successfully in the nose of a Lancaster we may expect increased interest to focus on gas turbines driving airscrews, and so it is worth discussing what we should call them. Officially the Dart is described, I think, as a "gas turbine driving a propeller." When, a week or so after the Dart's first flight, the Mamba did its first flight also in a Lancaster, I think the same phrase was again used. But clearly it is too long to be adopted for ordinary purposes.

Engineers hate terms which look too easy and I suppose that is why they have so far been shy of using the term "propjet," yet to my mind that is the best term. The long winded "gas turbine driving a propeller" is not only liable to be inaccurate (for the gas turbine may be driving a tractor airscrew), but it is also inadequate. It makes no mention of the jet thrust which is almost always important.

The term "propjet" indicates that there is an airscrew (and in this abbreviated form we need not quarrel about whether it is a tractor airscrew or not) and also a jet. So the whole picture is presented. Similarly "turbojet" indicates that there is a turbine, and that it is used in the production of a jet. A "turboprop" is a gas turbine driving a propeller but not obtaining augmented thrust by means of a jet.

Flying Boats Vindicated

THE accident to the Boeing flying boat that came down in the Atlantic is to be investigated, and in consequence I shall make no comment as yet



Mr. E. O. Tips (left), the aircraft designer with Mr. Martin Tips and Mr. Maurice Tips at Gosselies Aerodrome, Belgium. The aircraft is the Avions Fairey Belfair trainer designed by Mr. Tips

upon the possible causes of the forced landing. But the accident—whatever its primary causes—has historical significance because it proved a point on which flying boat enthusiasts have often been challenged.

They have argued in the past that a flying boat is safer for long ocean crossings because it can alight on the water in an emergency, and can provide a sufficient time interval for its passengers to be saved, or to have a good chance of being saved by surface vessels.

This argument has been hotly disputed by the landplane enthusiasts. They have said that the prevailing state of the sea in the Atlantic is such that a flying boat attempting a forced alighting would be just as badly smashed up on contact with the water as a landplane and would sink as quickly.

Now the test has been made and the advocates of flying boats have been proved right. Flying boats of large size can get down on the water in mid-Atlantic, and can remain afloat afterwards for a time.

The time may be short; but it may make all the difference between life and death for those on board.

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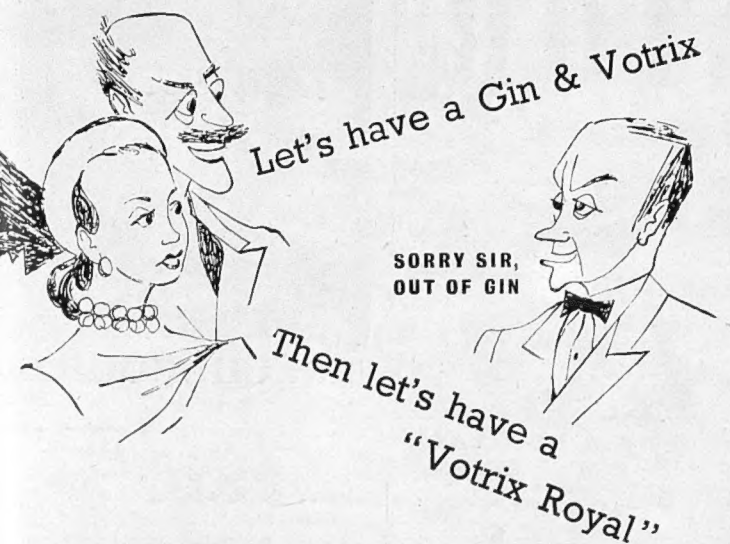
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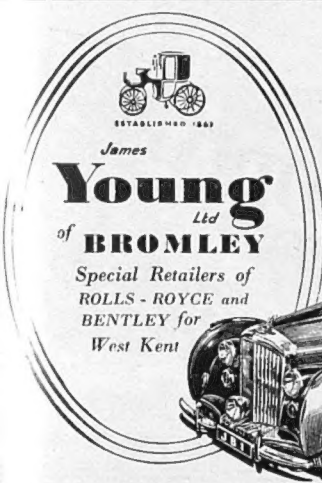
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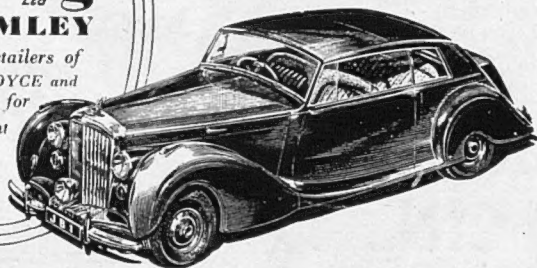
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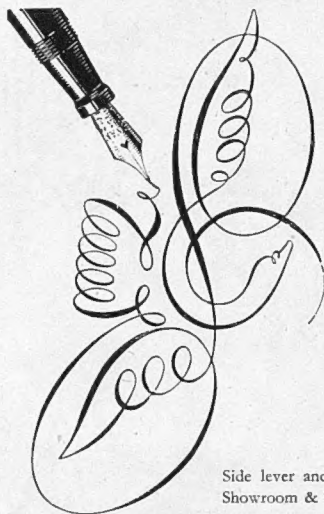
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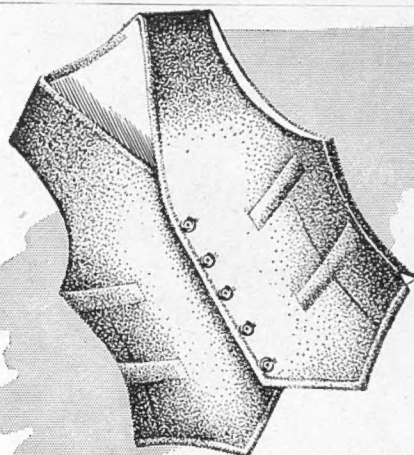
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